



**The
RICHIAN
1986**

SIR THOMAS RICH'S GLOUCESTER SCHOOL MAGAZINE 1986

Richian 1986

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STAFF EDITOR'S REPORT

"My leaving this year has caused me many problems concerning the magazine", wrote George Haynes in his final report for the Richian last year. On the contrary, it is my being a new member of staff this year which has caused many problems concerning the Richian: editing a magazine which reflects a School, its staff and students, both past and present, and its many traditions, has its difficulties when to the editor herself it is all very new.

Finding a balance was my aim and I have tried to present a range of reports, articles, pictures and prose which I hope will appeal to most.

A new and successful venture was the Richian Short Story Competition. We received seventy-four stories which is a commendable effort on behalf of the School. We thank our adjudicators Mr Heap, Mr Huddleston and Mr. Burns for their thorough search for our two winners: David Beard, winner of the Upper School Competition and Justin Carr for the Lower School.

An interesting review of the German and English Education Systems was submitted by Dr. James Albert, a Science teacher at our partner School in Gottingen who visited Gloucester earlier this year. The essay was forwarded by Mr D. Slinger.

Mr. Tucker has given a review of the now finely equipped Computer Department. I should like to thank Mr Tucker for his help in the printing of the magazine: with a computer available for each editor we were able to work at some speed. Hardly Fleet Street, but with all the machines tapping, reports arriving, sandwiches and coffee at the ready, copy screeching from the printing machine, it was quite an atmosphere. Many thanks to all the editors for their time, intelligence and sense of humour. Also very much appreciated were those students who 'popped-in' to help.

Of course a very special 'thank you' to all staff and students, past and present, who contributed towards The Richian 1986.

Pauline Smith

EDITOR'S REPORT

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more".

In May we realised it was that time of year again. Soon we would be running around trying desperately to get all the material in, edited and sent to the printers on time. Despite some setbacks we managed to get the work done. The "team" remained roughly the same as last year with a few additions, the biggest being several computers. We owe much to Mr. Tucker who allowed us to use the Computer Room for typing. This new part of production was also only made possible by Duncan Jennings whose knowledge of computers enabled us to type, edit, save and print using the school system after school hours. It was inevitable with the change in Staff Editor that there would be a change in style: a short story competition was introduced to stimulate interest in the school and a very large number of essays were submitted; you will find some small brain teasers dotted here and there throughout the magazine. As always we acknowledge it is impossible to provide a balance to please everyone but we have enjoyed producing the magazine and we hope you enjoy reading it.

The Editors



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SCHOOL CAPTAIN'S REPORT

The past year has seen a great deal of uncertainty. The secondary schools re-organisation plan went before the Education Secretary and was rejected, something that the Old Richians and friends of the school had campaigned hard for. Yet, the battle still rages but let us hope that this school may be allowed to continue in its fine traditions for many years to come.

There have been many interesting and varied activities pursued by members of the school during the year. Speech Day saw Mr. R.A. Nind the registrar at Liverpool University and an Old Richian himself, as the guest speaker. His talk was enjoyed by all present.

The school's main drama production of the year, Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado" performed by members of the school in collusion with pupils from Denmark Road and Ribston Hall Schools, went very smoothly on all four nights. The play was greatly appreciated by all the audiences and our thanks must go to Mr. Moss for production and Mr. Rangeley for musical direction along with many other members of staff who gave their time and energies to make this production a complete success.

As usual the Choir has enjoyed a busy programme of events. These have included the two carol services at Christmas along with the 'Christmas by Candlelight' concert by the Madrigal Group in the Library. These performances were greatly appreciated by all those who attended. The Madrigal Group even found time to go on tour early this year. A successful concert was also held at the school near Easter as a celebration of the House Music Festival which included performances by one third of the school. The Madrigal Group also gave a recital of anthems at Hartpury Church.

On the sporting side rugby and cross-country despite industrial action, still managed to compete in quite a few fixtures with varied success, whilst squash had a full season. This Summer has seen the introduction of new sports with sailing courses for the second year and wind surfing for the upper school. There were also some very creditable results in the district athletics trials and our thanks should go to all the P.E. staff for their work and enthusiasm.

Last Winter saw a successful skiing trip to Austria attended by members of the third, fourth and fifth forms. Thanks must go to Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Wells. Let us hope that this can become a regular event on the School calendar.

The Old Richian's association continues to thrive, particularly in the Junior Section with the regular discos, skittles evenings and dinners being well attended. Unfortunately, the day trip to the Badminton Horse Trials was badly undersubscribed.

The school chess team had a good season under the direction of Mr. Davies with the team reaching the zone finals of 'The Times' National Chess Competition.

Art came to the fore recently led by the energetic Mr. Lockett. Brian Cherrison won first prize in the 'Bristol and West' Art Competition in the under fifteens category.

The Railway Society members continue their journeys as far afield as London, East Anglia, Southampton, Weymouth and Newcastle, all led by Mr. Cutting.

As a final word I should like to extend the congratulations of the whole school to our Headmaster, Mr. Heap, on his marriage this year.

C. Taudevin.

Sir Thomas Rich's Parents' Association

During a year fraught with indecision the Parents' Association has continued to give its whole hearted support to the school. The Annual General Meeting was held early in the Autumn Term, followed by the meeting for First Year Parents. Once again, this was a most enjoyable evening and one which was noticeable for the generosity of the parents who attended it.

The Annual Dance which took the form of a disco, was a great success and was thoroughly enjoyed by all those who took part. Our thanks must go to everyone who worked hard to ensure that it went so well.

As always the Association has supported numerous activities within the school. However, in all parts of the country parents are finding that they are having to provide funds for items which in the past have been supplied by the authorities. With the coming of the GCSE and its additional expense for schools the association is already looking at ways of supplementing the GCSE funding.

C. L. Eva

ARRIVALS

JUDITH MORRIS

After a few years work in Stroud, from where she drives every day, Judith Morris joins us in the school to teach French and some German. Her lively style and keen interest in authentic language will prove to be valuable assets in the next few months of G.C.S.E. preparation.

Already she has taken on the responsibility for ticket sales at major school functions and concerts and when we return to industrial normality the cycling club and other clubs besides will benefit from her active interest.

We wish Judith a long and happy time at Tommy's.

I.S.C.



MARTIN HALE

In September we welcomed Martin Hale to the Mathematics Department from the Tewkesbury School. He was educated at Truro School in Cornwall and subsequently obtained a degree from Imperial College, London. Mr. Hale also helps with games and has already run the cross-country course on several occasions. His interests include music and fell-walking and he has recently been elected to Cheltenham Borough Council.

B. McBurnie



PAULINE SMITH

We were very pleased to welcome Pauline Smith to the English Department in September. She has a particular interest in writing, and her commitment and enthusiasm displayed in her previous post at Trinity Boys' School in London were soon evident in her work at Rich's. We wish her a long and happy stay.

R.F.M.



His "A" level group will only fully appreciate his efforts in years to come, and many an "O" level grade will have improved among middle school candidates.

The physics department fully appreciate the help given in the instigatory periods of two new courses, and we shall remember him with gratitude.

G.H.M.



FAITH JONES

Mrs. Faith Jones joined the staff in September, thus adding another welcome feminine element to the school. After graduating from Leeds University she taught for seven years at Cleeve School before moving here to teach Geography and some History. She has speedily established her presence in and out of the classroom and we wish her a long and happy association with Rich's.

D.J.W.



MIKE BEVAN

Mike Bevan came to Rich's in September 1977 to teach Physical Education, Geography, and Biology.

A product of St. Luke's College, Exeter, he very soon made his mark, not only with his teaching, but also in the Staff Common Room.

Pushing accepted practice aside he introduced the 'track suit' as an alternative fashion to sports jacket and flannels in mens wear, for a Grammar School Staffroom.

This established, he quickly followed with a further revolution when the 'clip board' was introduced to the Common Road as an alternative to the traditional brief case.

These sweeping changes obviously took their toll on him, because it was much later that computerized games' option sheets appeared, to baffle games staff entrenched in traditional ways!

Although an efficient and very successful teacher, he will, perhaps, be remembered mostly for his efforts and abounding enthusiasm outside the normal school curriculum.

Organising the Staff Cricket XI for several seasons, helping with the Annual French Exchange, lunchtime Basketball Clubs, Indoor Cricket and Tennis Tournaments, running School Cricket, wet and cold winter mornings taking Rugby XV's far afield - his contribution to the life of Sir Thomas Rich's has been both impressive and wide-ranging.

He will be missed and remembered by pupils and staff alike. We wish him and his family success and happiness in the future.

R. B. Hanney

STEPHEN PACK

This term we welcome Stephen Pack who has come to teach Geography and Geology. He joins us from King Henry VIII School, Abergavenny where he spent the last five and a half years. Despite his years in exile he stresses that he is not of Welsh extraction. He was educated at University College London, and he lists amongst his interests fell-walking, railways, and all things historical. On behalf of the staff and boys (particularly those studying his subjects) I wish him a long and happy stay here.

S.J.M.



DEPARTURES

KEVIN WELLS

Kevin Wells leaves the Physics department after two years to take a promotional appointment in Kuwait.

Immensely popular, his fresh approach earned the department many a convert from the floating subject voters of the school. Outside the classroom his support for basketball, rugby and sport in general earned competitive success for the school and another year in Division One for Oxford United!





JOHN COOPER

J.Y.C. leaves this term after long service at the school. Never again will we see the blue "Cooper Mobile" disappear down the drive after school; never again will embarrassed members of the Naturalists' Society, have to raise their hands in assembly for a head count on the day of an excursion.

The awarding of gold stars, pigs and monkeys have made or broken many a young student's heart, but his enthusiasm for the many activities, such as the Naturalists' Society which he has been involved with over the years, will be sorely missed.

Perhaps we will miss him even more for his marvellous expeditions to the far flung ecosystems of the British Isles, like Inverness, the Scillies, the Lake District and the Isle of Arran. These have always been enjoyed by all, in spite of foul weather, and the educational value of these trips is tremendous.

I take this opportunity to thank Mr Cooper for all his work, commitment and enthusiasm over the years, and hope that he comes back to join us on any outings we might organise.

A.M.B.

DAVID WATKINS

With the retirement of Mr. Watkins, we say goodbye to one of the few remaining members of Staff able to recall both the delights and inconveniences of life in the 'old School' in Barton Street. (What would today's centrally-heated youth make of frozen ink-wells and boys and masters muffled up against classroom temperatures of minus 6 centigrade?). He is moreover one of that still more select band who have served during the reign of four headmasters.

David joined the staff in 1953, and has been Head of History since 1960. By his patience and insistence on the highest standards of learning, he has led generations of Richians to a broader perception of the present by placing it in the context of the past.

Outside the classroom David was for many years in charge of the Junior Rugby XV and Cricket XI, and thanks to his dedicated and skillful coaching, when the time came, the senior teams were always assured of a steady stream of promising fledglings. Time was, too, when he wielded a nifty bat in the Staff XI, and also bowled out the hopes of many an opponent.

A man of deep conviction in matters of faith, countless boys – and girls – in the Interschools Christian Fellowship owe much to his kindness and clear-sighted thinking; gratitude, too, for the way in which he welcomed discussion groups into his own home.

In those heady years of the 1960's, David's most enduring contribution to the Tercentenary was his "History of the School", an eminently readable work of loving scholarship.

Lastly, but by no means least, as a member of the Common Room and latterly as Senior Master, we have long come to value his friendship and true gentlemanly qualities. Belated news has it, that in fact David will be returning next term 'part-time', so that it is surely into what must now be termed 'semi-retirement' that he and Mrs. Watkins take our good wishes.

E.G.S.



CHOIR CAPTAIN'S REPORT

Last year was an extremely active one, musically. As well as the usual carol services, Christmas by Candlelight, concerts, a House Music festival, there was a general rise in the number of people taking part in music making.

As a result of limited numbers in the junior forms this year's House Music saw a lot of people taking part who would not otherwise have become involved. Standards were high, and the large quantities of excellent material were carried into the school concert at Easter. One of the main events was the whole of the first and second years singing Britten's arrangement Psalm 150 with the school orchestra reformed for the first time in five years. Notable soloists were Simon Moss with his expressive rendering of Ralph Vaughan-Williams' "The Vagabond", and Mark Barton's amusing "Soldiers Song" from *Iolanthe*. Mark Broadhead performed at his usual high standard with a Shostakovich Cello Prelude which for many was the highlight of the evening. Other house contributions were Eastgate's treble song and an enthusiastic Northgate Vocal Ensemble. The choir then took to finish the evening with the Hallelujah Chorus and a forceful singing of Leighton's "Solus ad Victinam"

Last year saw thirteen anthems performed for special occasions in assembly for the enlightenment of all.

Most notable were 'My Soul' (C.H.H. Parry, Remembrance Day), 'Oh, what their Joy' (Harris, Founders day) and the Leighton sung for Easter. This marked the end of a series of English anthems from the sixteen century to the twentieth century sung during that term. The Easter holidays also saw the Madrigal Group off to Dorset to prepare yet more anthems and also sing some Madrigals!

The numbers of people having lessons seems to have increased again especially Brass Players which has led to a formation of a Wind Band by David Allen.

There was also the usual concert trips to London. It now seems an appropriate moment to thank Mr. Rangeley, House Music organisers, and other organisers music teachers and performers and to hope that such a flourishing range of musical activities is carried over into the next school year.

Andrew Methven L6R

MADRIGAL GROUP

For many people, the school Madrigal Group is an entity which only surfaces at Christmas in order to perform 'Christmas by Candlelight' in the School Library. Although the Madrigal Group does not perform as often as the Choir, it is an important part of school music. At the end of the Lent term, the Madrigal Group went on 'tour' to Blandford forum in Dorset. In fact, the word 'tour' is a misnomer, as the group went to Bryanston School to sing and study for its own pleasure. Bryanston School is a public school which has played host to the whole choir on previous occasions. The group was at Bryanston for five days, March 22nd - 26th. The three full days each contained three sessions of singing; two sessions of one and a half hours in the morning and a session of one hour after dinner in the evening. Five extremely difficult madrigals were worked at during these sessions, and eventually they were brought to performance standard. The madrigals were 'Sweet Honey-Sucking Bees' by Wilbye, 'Our From the Vale' by Ward, 'Though Amaryllis Dance' by Byrd, 'What Is Our Life?' by Gibbons and 'Hence Care Thou Art Too Cruel' by Weelkes. The tour also provided a good opportunity to learn the anthems which would be sung at Hartbury Church in May. Each member of the group gained a great deal of musical experience from this hard work.

The afternoons and evenings were kept free. There was no lack of entertainment. The sports complex was available for use by the group. We also enjoyed a trip to Bournemouth on the Monday afternoon.

The tour was a great success and thoroughly enjoyed by all those who went. I would like, on behalf of the Madrigal Group to thank Mr. Rangely for all his hard work & dedication and many thanks to Mr Moss for all his help and enthusiasm.

Andrew Methven L6R



FESTIVAL OF NINE LESSONS AND CAROLS

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, LONGLEEVES,
FRIDAY 20th DECEMBER 1985

Honesty compels me to declare an interest. As a regular Choir member having a term out, in a sense I knew too much, for example, M.W.R.'s special signal when the choir is falling behind the beat. But I also knew what kind of dedicated effort had gone into this service, whatever the outcome.

You can always depend on the Choir for an adequate performance. But occasionally, perhaps three or four times a decade, you get something sublime. This was one of those times, which was the congregation's good fortune. It was also the Choir's good fortune, in that this happened to be the service chosen in advance for review.

Holy Trinity is a sympathetic building for such a service: organ and choir are comfortably adjacent; music does not hang in the rafters as in the Cathedral but it is by no means dampened; there is space, and good communication between clergy, readers, choir and congregation.

The quality and the accuracy of pitch and timing were apparent immediately with "Once in Royal David's City". Later, with the Choir so responsive, we were to experience also a remarkable range of moods. Particularly noteworthy was their capacity to sing in a quit and sustained manner. Versatility was evident in musical styles, from the 9th century plainsong "Hodie Christus Natus Est" to John Tavener's "The Lamb", some of considerable difficulty. There was lively and well balanced solo ensemble work in "In Dulci Jubilo" by Messrs. Carter. Winfield, Beard, Campbell, Broadhead, Voysey, Clutterbuck and Griffith. In addition to the technical excellences mentioned, the service seemed to take on some indefinable extra quality, over and above the sum of these parts.

Many enjoy familiar music at Christmas and were well catered for. Indeed I would be happy to say goodbye to "Sir Christmas"; he has had a good innings. But there were also splendid new introductions. "Joys Seven", the Plainsong and the Tavener. The organ voluntaries before and after the service, as well as the accompaniment to the choral and congregational singing, bore witness as usual to Mr. Fowler's highly competent musicianship.

A service involving much participation demands attention to other than musical matters. The all-important readers are regrettably not always as well prepared as they should be, and there were instances of nervousness or under-rehearsal. Procession, recession and other move-appearance. Tribute must be paid to the Rev. Peter Nunn, I.S.C. and M.W.R. for their preparation and management of the service.

I am conscious that I have emphasised performance and presentation; I hope this will be seen as reflecting the participants' concern for the inspiration afforded by beauty in an act of worship in which, in words and music, so familiar a story was retold with freshness and joy.

D.F.M.

THE MIKADO

"A hit, a very palpable hit". Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "The Mikado" has been, to borrow Shakespeare's words on another occasion, "a very palpable hit" throughout the hundred years since its first performance at the Savoy Theatre in London. The production by Sir Thomas Rich's, in association with Ribston Hall and Denmark Road High Schools, measured up to this pedigree in verve, musicality and humour, while the visual effects, both of setting and costume, were spectacular. A modern producer, too, may legitimately update Gilbert's gentle social satire or introduce local and topical elements, and there were in consequence one or two particularly gleeful moments in this production – most notably Ko-Ko's entrance at one point in electrically-powered transport loaned by the Supreme Discount Stores!

Sullivan's music here is so exotic, so joyously tuneful and so many of the songs will be familiar to the audience – even if they are not entirely sure of their origins – that a degree of success is always assured. The problem, however, with an amateur cast – particularly at school level – is, in the simplest terms, to find actors who can sing, or, conversely, singers who can act. For the most part the principals succeeded in doing both, although Nanki-Poo's voice sometimes became "a thing of shreds and patches" when reaching for a particularly high note. In fact, one felt that on occasion individual voices were fighting a losing battle with an orchestra which, despite the odd ragged moment, was in assertive mood. The ensemble singing was excellent, however, with all of the vigour and vitality implicit in the music and the panache and clarity of tone one has come to associate with the musical director, Michael Rangeley.

Opera is not, of course, naturalistic theatre, and the world of the Savoy, steeped as it is in comic exaggeration and absurdities, is no exception. Even so, one would have liked to see the characters move from "acting" to "set-piece" songs in less contrived style – difficult though this is to achieve.

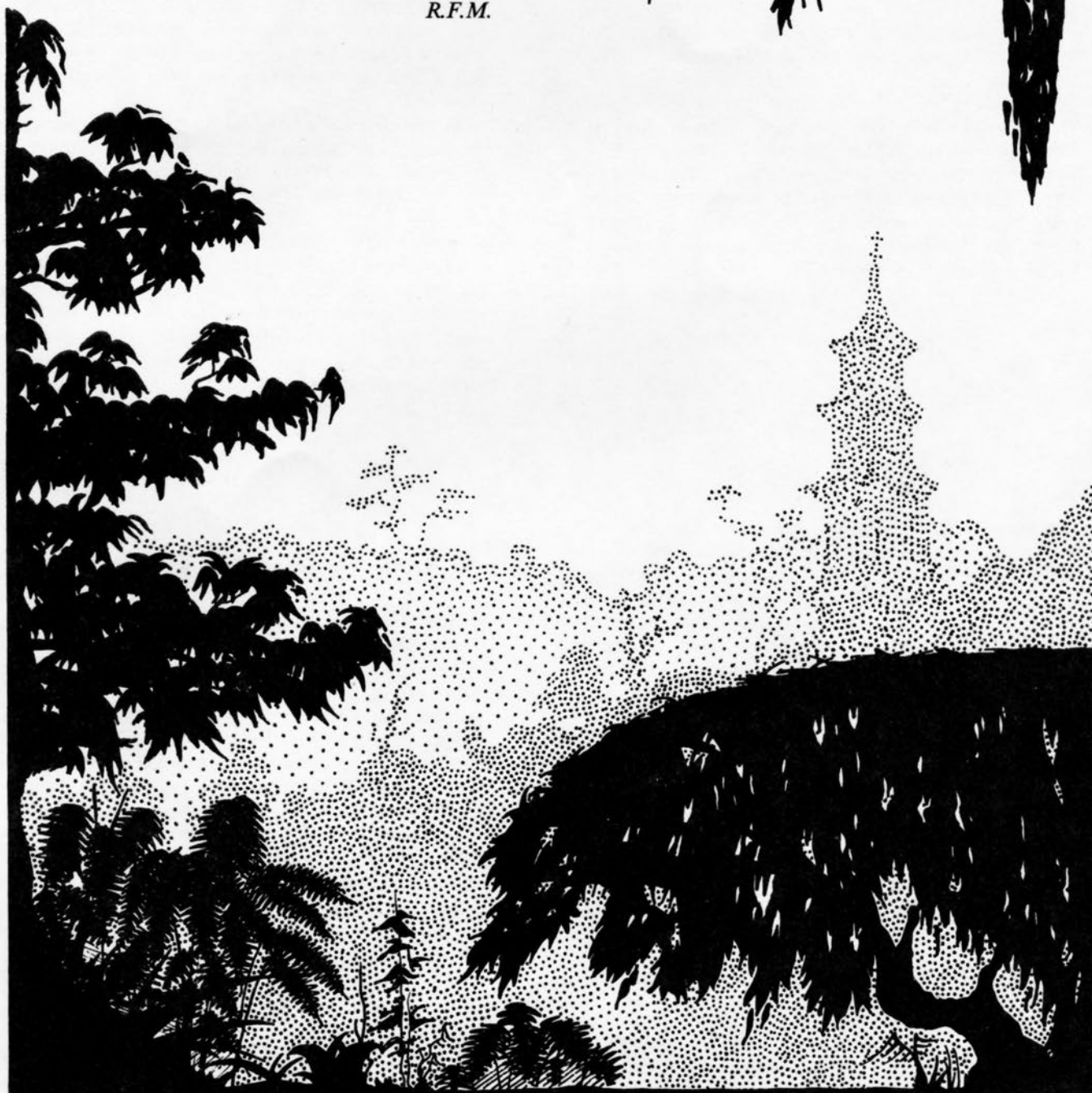
Of the female principals, Rachel Steele, as Katisha, had the most meaty part and, in a sense, the most "actable". She performed with commendable attack and clearly relished her rôle; her singing, too, was controlled and confident. She may have been an "unattractive old thing", but one felt that Ko-Ko didn't have too bad a bargain in the end! The three little maids – Gilbert's recurring stereotype of enchanting girlhood – were appropriately demure, coy or coquettish as occasion demanded, although Jenny Ibbotson, as Yum-Yum, was sometimes overshadowed by Justine Croft's Pitti-Sing. Casting here becomes a knife-edge art. The trio was completed by Danielle Smith who, despite the lower profile of her part, was no less pert and girlishly gleeful than her sisters.

Stephen Voysey was a personable Nanki-Poo, both the plaintive and the comic aspects of the character with equal facility, while Frank Henderson, despite moments of uncertainty, looked and sounded suitably august in the title rôle. Will he, one wonders, graduate to a still riper performance in another twelve years' time?

The two most striking contributions on stage were undoubtedly those of Mark Barton, as Pooh-Bah, and Darren Short, as Ko-Ko. Both experienced actors, they demonstrated their versatility and increasing maturity in richly comic performances – performances, in fact, to savour. Mark's Pooh-Bah was skilfully paced, reflecting his awareness of the old adage that, in comedy, timing is all, while his stately manner and sonorous tones conveyed admirably the self-importance of the Lord who exercised control over "Everything Else". If Darren was, perhaps, a little less assured at times, his was nevertheless a witty performance as Ko-Ko, with plenty of deft and imaginative business, which helped to portray his comic dilemma, and even the occasional, rather surprising, touch of pathos.

This reviewer was not present on the occasion of Rich's last performance of "The Mikado" in 1973; this production, however, can have been no less visually striking and musically alive than its predecessor. Roger Lockey's set was beautifully designed and executed, and Donald Moss, the producer, and Michael Rangeley have reason to be well pleased with their latest joint venture into "The Town of Titipu".

R.F.M.



AIRCRAFT SOCIETY

Full throttle selected, brake off and we were airborne from runway 20. The first take-off of the new school year. A series of circuits were flown until, due to mechanical problems we made an emergency landing. We solved the problem with a series of quizzes, films and aircraft recognition practice. By the middle of the summer term it was safe to take off again in a Douglas C47 Dakota from Staverton airport: a thrilling experience for all those who participated. Upon completion of the flight we had a debrief and returned home for tea looking forward to more trips and flights in the future.

Many thanks to Mr. Morgan for his support and help over the year.

Neil Howie L6T

ANGLING CLUB

This season has been fairly successful although due to the bad weather not many activities were able to be organised.

However in September the school entered an "A" and "B" team in the Gloucestershire Schools Angling Competition. The "A" team came a well deserved fifth with six individual prizes being won. In October we had a convincing win over the Crypt on Gloucester canal. Later in the month we took part in a British Waterways Board promotional film where one of our junior anglers landed a five pound branch on film

R. Humphrey U6S

CHESS CLUB

The recent 1985 - 86 season has been another good one for the Chess Club. On recent promotion to Division Four of the North Gloucestershire League, the team, playing mostly adult opposition, are in strong contention of winning Division Four. This is due to the large amount of commitment made by the regular team members including G. Barnes, P. Moss, A. Gettings, S. Clarke, S. Townsend and of course Mr. Davies. The annual Marlwood Chess Tournament, however, showed the match inexperience of many of the players, with the team finishing sixth out of ten.

The team were runners-up in the Zone final of the Times Schools Knockout Competition, losing in the final to Marlwood School, Bristol. A special mention should be made about S. Clarke who has again had an outstanding season in his personal performances. He continues to play on board one for the County U-18's. He also had a runaway victory in the Secondary Schools Congress U-18 section, with six points out of six.

Our thanks go as always to Mr. Davies for all his invaluable help over the year.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

The Christian Union meets regularly every week with a growing interest and membership. Meetings with other schools have taken place with debates and football matches due in the future.

Besides activities like these, the club continues to offer an opportunity for Christians within the school to meet for fellowship. The meetings have been on Wednesdays (Junior) and Thursdays (Senior) and have run through the lunch hour. We invite you to come and join in.

Chris Hurley

DEBATING SOCIETY

This year the Society started on a new venture of joint debates with Colwell School. At the first of these Mark Barton and James Methven foolishly stuck their heads into the lioness' mouth and tried to convince the girls, on their home territory, that sex discrimination is necessary. Despite some heated moments everybody enjoyed themselves. We were soundly defeated but the ice had been shattered.

At the next debate, in our own school's library, we deliberately set a male and female against a male and female to stop the attitude of "it's us against them" setting in. The motion was "This House Believes Jesus Christ Was Not The Son Of God." The subject was naturally divisive, though a surprisingly large spectrum of views were aired. Chris Hurley defended himself very well against the angry cries of un-believers, and Simon Moss restrained his penchant for sarcastic jokes most of the time. The vote went with the Christians. Our thanks must go to all the girls from Colwell School who helped to make these events such a success.

J.C. Methven L6T

POPULAR MUSIC: building a band

Last December a friend of mine who plays drums announced that he was organizing a concert to be held in February at the Comprehensive School where he is in the fifth year.

Three bands were to play but a fourth was needed as a supporting group. We asked another friend at Tommies to join us in forming a band and practised solidly.

I found it hard to believe that the organization of such a large scale concert had been trusted to a few fifth formers. However, the evening was a great success, raising £150 for their school music department. £150 was raised simply as a result of a lot of positive thinking, effort and fun.

Since then, we have stayed together as a band. We played our first local gig last week. I think there is a lot of talent waiting for chances like these.

Tim Harvey L6T

RAILWAY SOCIETY

The Society's highly successful year began in July '85 with the three day pilgrimage to the North East, travelling first to depots in Manchester, thereafter, via the National Railway Museum, to such beauty-spots as Gateshead, Teeside and Scunthorpe. Both nights were spent in the "luxury accommodation" of Newcastle University which enabled senior members to indulge in many varying outside activities, which for certain masochists included an evening dip in the North Sea and the little known Geordie sport of non-diurnal street rugby. Indeed all things considered we should be thankful that only one person (who shall remain nameless) was a little the worse for wear the following day.

Other excursions have included a notable "first" with a Weymouth/Southampton visit, an insanely enthusiastic Autumn runabout in East Anglia, culminating in an impromptu "Twilight Tour" of March depot. With the New Year's snows came a day out in London, particularly memorable (or infamous) due to two of the Society's most senior members arriving at Gloucester station at the unearthly hour of 06.30 on a Saturday morning just in time to see the train containing the other members of the party disappearing towards Swindon. Undaunted, they persevered and, having struck up a conversation with the guard, they managed to talk their way to the capital, eventually rejoining the party several hours later at Waterloo Station. The March visit to Tinsley and Sheffield proved no less hectic, particularly for the organiser, who was the only person who realised that if we hadn't been extremely fortunate with our timetable we would have been lucky to get back the same day. However, through a combination of determination and the aforementioned organiser throwing himself in front of an "East Midlands" bus, none of our worst fears were realised. Our thanks must once again go to Mr Cutting for making all these possible. Also deserving praise are Richards, Griffith, and Loach, who devoted much of their time and energy to the Society. Plans are already underway for a June visit to Severn Valley Railway, a Photographic Competition, and a four day summer extravaganza in Scotland. There is even a rumour of a "Richian III", the ever popular excursion, but whatever the outcome, our '86 - '87 season promises as much enjoyment as the past year's activities.

T. Rackcliff

MODEL RAILWAY SOCIETY

For several years now there has been a growing interest in model railways. To cater for this a society was established, as a subsidiary of the Railway Society. After several weeks of frantic fund raising a large model railway was purchased. Meetings will be held every other Friday in either the Art Room or the Lecture Theatre. Planned activities include quiz-games, film shows and visits to large model railways around the country with the Railway Society. Members are entitled to bring in their own models to run on the railway. It is, however, not necessary to own a model railway to join the society.

We must take this opportunity to thank the Parent's Association which has met half the cost of the equipment. Finally, our thanks go to Mr. Cutting for helping with paper work.

R. J. Peplow 3T
A. J. Pearce 3T



VENTURE SCOUTS

Mending punctures in bicycle tyres in County Kilkenny, digging ditches in the Ogwen Valley, tramping through Cotswold snow on a winter's night, pushing beds through Stonehouse, rafting down the Wye. These are only a few of the activities at which members of the school Venture Scouts Unit could have been observed over the past year! . . . a complete list would occupy more space than is allowed here.

Although the Unit has nearly thirty members we are always looking for fresh blood and innovative challenges to blend with our traditional activities. We have tried out a few new ideas in the past twelve months, including a successful and interesting cycle ride of four hundred and fifty miles across Ireland from Wexford to Kerry and back, pausing only to climb Ireland's highest mountain and to kiss the Blarney Stone! Physical activities tend to dominate our programme - there is never a shortage of five-a-side football players, but the aesthete is not forgotten, and visits to piano recitals and poetry readings have featured in our programme. Training has not been overlooked and most of the Unit are at present involved in a first aid course.

The Unit took on the Christmas parcel collection and distribution this year, and a number of other community help projects have been completed or are in the pipeline.

The life of the Unit is recorded periodically in our magazine, *Venture 44*, and the most recent issue covers a wide range of subjects from windsurfing to exploits of one of our more famous associate members, Peter Green, recently awarded a medal for gallantry.

This Summer we head north yet again to spend some time working in Norway, followed by a visit to the snow-clad mountains, an ideal end to a busy scouting year.

F. Henderson

ROTARY CLUB PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITION

Once again, the Debating Society prepared itself for the annual Rotary Club Public Speaking Competition. Two past masters of this type of event, Toby Rackcliff and Andrew Methven, valiantly volunteered their services on the respective positions of Main Speaker and Vote of Thanks. The choice of Chairman was particularly difficult but ultimately Gareth Wood of 3S was selected and subsequently volunteered into the team.

However, the next obstacle was finding a topic to speak upon without insulting, overpowering, or even boring large sections of one's audience. Although none of those who attended last year's events could have been unmoved when faced with the unforgettable speech which enlightened one and all on possibly the most awe-inspiring social problem of the decade – that of rabbit paranoia.

Therefore, after much deliberation we decided that in order to keep the talk as broadly based as possible the topic "Life, the Universe and Everything" was chosen. With the full weight of ISC following our preparations the team knew it had might on its side and on the evening we were well supported by a large, if somewhat motley, crowd of followers.

Young Gareth performed admirably as Chairman with a subtle blend of innocent decorum and humour, whereas the main speaker committed the cardinal sin of insulting the audience, judges and even the competition itself. The speech did, however, have a serious side in posing many of the questions which have disturbed the musings of pundits and philosophers down the ages: For example, "Why does toast always land butter-side down?" What does Dennis Thatcher dream about? How old is Joan Collins? (Indeed are the latter two questions in any way related?) Also exactly how many elephants can one fit in a mini? All this led to the inevitable conclusion that the Universe really is a product of its deranged imagination.

It was left to Andrew's tactful Vote of Thanks to restore some degree of respectability to the proceedings and, sadly for many, to bring those assembled, back to reality once more.

All things considered the evening was a great success with notable improvements in the organisation achieved by asking each main speaker a question on his chosen topic, and also in the quality of oratory achieved by serving the wine after, and not as previously, before the speeches. The judging was up to its usual standard with King's School finishing in third place; Ribston Hall gaining a well deserved overall victory and our own team being placed a creditable second, thus continuing the school's now long established reputation for lively and entertaining oratory on even the most offbeat topics.

Toby Rackcliff

COWLEY MANOR COURSE: Working with the Mentally Handicapped

Exhausted – both mentally and physically is, without a shadow of a doubt, how all the sixth formers felt when they eventually slumped into bed at the end of a long day at Cowley. I make this point straight away for the benefit of anyone who might consider participating in such a course in the future, but with one qualifying statement; exhausted but happy in the knowledge of doing something worthwhile.

The aim of the course was not to give young people experience at being a nursemaid to their handicapped partners, but to get the partners to do things for themselves. The very word "handicapped" is inappropriate when you consider that we all have limitations and things we find difficult, but which can be overcome with help and support from others.

I will not dwell upon the activities themselves, because they were much the same as at any course at Cowley; it is what you learned from the activities and the company of your partner which was the crux of the stay. You learned about the mentally handicapped but perhaps more importantly, you learned about your own abilities and failings.

When you are amongst a group whom you might think had very little to be happy about and discover that they are the most cheerful, kind and spirited people you have ever met or are ever likely to meet, you can't help but look at your own "handicaps" as trivial.

If you get a chance to go on this course, take it!

M. Fretwell L6S

M. Barton L6S

FIVE SCHOOLS ASSOCIATION

The Fuddernucky Five hit town once again this year, providing unrivalled fun, frivolity and entertainment for the wasters and alcoholics of various schools' sixth forms.

The first two discos were held at the solubrious and exciting Civil Service Club – most definitely the place to be seen (which probably explains why our own Miss Smith was present). Despite the engaging atmosphere and charming staff, the committee decided it was time for a change of venue.

After much heated debate the New County Hotel was chosen, with its Lilliputian bar and spring-loaded dance floor. The said dance floor caused much annoyance . . . especially when a certain large member of our sixth form caused a record to be bounced through in a quarter of its original playing time.

Apart from the ubiquitous discos several videos were shown leaving the committee with the impression that gyrating and thrashing about on a dance floor is all that the youth of today is interested in.

Well, what does the Five Schools Ass. exist for then? It can be argued that it is somewhat narrow in outlook, but the simple answer is that the average member is rather narrow in what he or she wants, and it is our job as representatives to meet their demands. However, the discos are certainly worth their while in pecuniary terms; over £1000 in the bank, enabling a donation of £750 to be made to charity. Watch out next year, here we come!

*D. Dalby G. Dalby
M. Barton D. Williams*

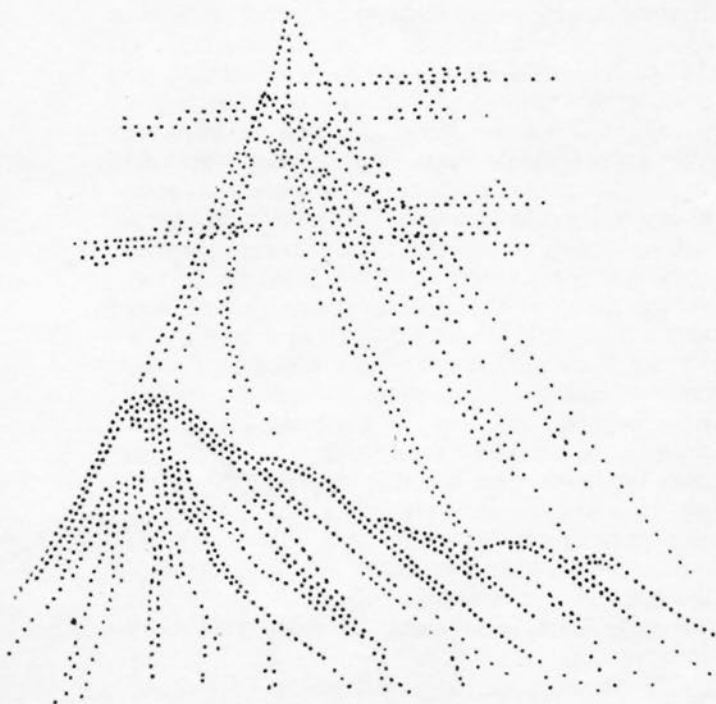
SKI AUSTRIA

Saturday, 15th February – All present and accounted for our holiday began aboard a crowded luxury coach heading for London, Ramsgate and eventually Austria.

The thought of that long journey (27 hours) filled everyone with trepidation and after the initial excitement the journey settled down into the long haul through France, Belgium, Holland, Luxemburg, Germany and Austria. Needless to say, we arrived in Neiderau on Sunday afternoon in a rather exhausted state but after seeing the mountains and snow there was an excited air of expectation, and listening to cries of "You'll never get me skiing down that", we made our way to our Hotel.

The Hotel staff were very friendly and we soon settled in. The remainder of Sunday was spent collecting ski equipment. The next day saw the beginning of the real action. The party was split into four groups. Each group was put through the basic steps to give the instructors an idea of our overall ability on the snow. Each group seemed to have a similar make-up of characters: the tentative, the smart-Alec and the reckless and very soon bodies were littering the slopes. However, after a short time, control improved and confidence increased and things did not seem so bad.

The second day saw the lads eagerly awaiting the instructors, some seeking the faster slopes others cursing tight fitting boots. However, by mid-week all the boys had attempted some skiing at the top of the mountain, even if some of them were sliding around on other bits besides their skis. Perhaps here I should make a special mention to James Poulton "das panser" who experienced many problems throughout the week but he kept on trying and showed remarkable resilience. The nick name "das panser" came from his instructor after James made several attempts to wipe out the Austrian nation and Mr. Wells by pointing his skis straight down the slope and letting his sixteen plus stone just go.



On Friday we visited Auffach, a village further up the valley. Here the slopes were much higher and somewhat icy. The skiing turned out to be excellent, but the most striking point of the day was the astonishing beauty of the region. It was a pleasure just to be there: mountain ranges on either side with those beautiful villages set in the valleys and all the trees coated with a fine silver dusting from the previous day's snowfall all gave us the most perfect surroundings for another enjoyable day's skiing. It was here that the instructors put the lads through their basic test; all the lads passed and some with distinction; namely Simon Flynn – best skier of the week and Julian Jones-Griffith – the most improved skier. Saturday was the final day skiing, and led to a more relaxed atmosphere with all the boys doing longer and more difficult runs with some ease.

Apart from the skiing the evenings' entertainment was also varied and enjoyable, including bowling, night skiing and a disco. The best of these evenings was the night skiing. This took place on a floodlit nursery slope. Here the lads could free ski and practice their "schussing" going down hill in a straight line at speed. There was also a slalom course which proved too much for Mr. Gallagher, who with some speed executed two beautiful pirouettes, slid across the hill side and ended up the other side of the drag lift to everyone's amusement.

Surprisingly our only casualty was Simon Dovaston who fell off the drag lift and unfortunately managed to break a finger.

The week in Austria was extremely successful. I say many thanks to the boys whose general behaviour was a credit to the school; and of course we are all grateful to the staff, instructors and the driver who mixed-in with the party and gave us all a good time.

(das panser deliberate mistake) Mr. I.J. Gallagher



THE SONNENBERG EXPERIENCE

What is your idea of a perfect holiday? Sun, sand and opposite sex or tranquil repose in gentle rolling countryside? These and other questions were put before myself and other young participants in a thought-provoking ten day residential course in April at the Sonnenberg International House for Cultural Exchange in the Harz Mountains in Germany. This Conference Centre was built in Germany's post-war recovering period to promote international harmony and provide an opportunity for young people from varied backgrounds to discuss current World problems in a pleasant and informal surrounding.

The problem we analysed was the social and environmental effects of tourism on the Harz region and other (in) famous holiday resorts. Here, the superb staff served their purpose in overcoming any prejudice's and illusions about other countries that we might have and to return us to the main topic of our work. I can only wish 'Bon Voyage' to those contemplating a honeymoon on a noisy polluted Spanish beach, where humans are scorched whilst packed end to end like dominoes. Tourists were shown to be almost a dangerous threat to the environment as football hooligans. Yet, tourists were also at risk as we were amused to discover that the German and Yugoslavian participants were invited to visit the major tourist attractions in Gloucester such as (so runs the brochure) the 'fountains' in King's Square and the 'delightful' Old English houses... 'squatting between the supermarkets.

The message at the end of the course was clear. Firstly, we had all made many friends and secondly 'When on holiday do as the inhabitants' do don't make noise, don't drop litter, or better still stay at home and never trust travel agents' advertisements.

Darren Short U6R

THE SIXTH FORM EXCHANGE TO BRITTANY 1986

This year a party of pupils from the school joined up with many other schools from the Midlands and the West of England to spend a fortnight in the North of Brittany. They stayed at three different towns in the region and judging from the following report all seemed to enjoy themselves...

The three Breton towns visited during the stay were Guingamp, Lannion and Treguier.

There were eleven English pupils attending the school in Guingamp, and despite the fact that we had two weeks of snow, rain, hailstones and a tiny bit of sun everybody loved the fourteen days we stayed there.

Guingamp itself was not the biggest of the three towns but was very quaint with its picturesque shops and cobbled streets. The school was large with approximately 800 - 1000 pupils and the lessons... well, they were thoroughly enjoyable, even if one of the French boys did decide to rid himself of his trousers during the lesson! I haven't seen English girls laugh and scream so much in ages!

Lannion is a fairly large town about ten kilometres south of the coast. We arrived at the 'Lycee de Felix Dantec' at midnight on Sunday 6th April.

We attracted much attention at school and were soon shown around some of the local "places to be" such as the local cafe "Vincennes" and the disco at Perros-Guirec. Here we were given free entrance and free drink as the manager was also the chef at the school. We were also taken to see other towns in the area such as the beautiful St. Brieuc.

Treguier is a small port in the Cotes du Nord, completing the 1986 French Exchange trio with Guingamp and Lannion.

Small it may have been but every Wednesday saw the arrival of the flourishing markets to the town, which gave us the chance to shop somewhere other than the expensive Treguier shops. Despite the weather a good time was experienced by all. In fact I'm sure I can say with confidence that the '86 STRS French Exchange was a definite step-ahead for Anglo-French relations.

Nigel May, Ian Poole, Julian Lai Hung L6

THE 1986 GERMAN EXCHANGE

A week after the Easter holidays had begun, nine boys from the fourth year set off for Göttingen on a two week German exchange, along with girls from Denmark Road and boys and girls from St. Peter's School.

Although the many trips, including a trip to the East German border, a hike through the nearby Harz mountains and a skating trip, were a great success, the thing that the whole group probably found most interesting was the four days we spent in a German grammar school.

There were few similarities between our school and the Otto Hahn Gymnasium. For instance most of the group had to get up at six o'clock in the morning to go to school. Lessons started without an assembly at ten minutes to eight, which may seem rather early but at least you had the afternoon free, as school ended at a quarter past one on most days. One disadvantage was that you had to go to school on Saturday mornings, although once a month you had the Saturday morning free. The school was very large, with 1,400 plus pupils, and there were at least 120 teachers. Both from inside and the outside, the building looked very modern, and some have said too modern. From the table-tennis outside, to the double glazing and spacious classrooms inside, all gave the impression of a modern and a well run school. Although there was rather a lot of graffiti in the school, it was extremely tidy with very little litter.

Classes were of about 25 - 30 pupils in size, with desks arranged around the outside of the room. The teachers, who were as casually dressed as the pupils, had all the equipment that they needed, and the scientific laboratories were especially well equipped. The lessons lasted 50 minutes and then there was a five minute break so you could get to your next lesson without a rush. After every two lessons there was a longer break of 15 minutes to buy food from a well stocked and reasonably priced tuck-shop, or to order a school meal for later on in the day.

Because there wasn't an assembly, notices were read out using a loud speaker system, which also emitted an electronic gong sound at the end of each lesson, resembling the tune of a certain holiday entertainment camp! Other less important notices, including the school timetables (ten pages long) and memoes for clubs and societies, were found on a huge notice board in the entrance to the school.

The most noticeable difference in their school system was the fact that the teachers were far less strict. Most of the lessons were spent chattering with friends across the classroom or to a teacher who was quite prepared to listen. The relationship between the pupil and the teacher is a much more informal one than at STRS, and a lot of importance is attached to getting to know the pupils and helping with any problems they might have. This leads to a very relaxed – we might say lax – atmosphere. Most of the work was done orally, and hardly anything was written up into exercise books.

We all agreed that the system appears, from the outside, to create a happy environment, but what they actually learn in school is another matter.

The exchange was a success in every aspect, and we would like to thank Mr. Slinger and the other staff for their excellent organisation of the trip which was thoroughly enjoyed by all!

M. Leason (4S)

A. Tsoi (4S)

A PASSAGE FROM INDIA

Dr. James Albert, a teacher of Chemistry and General Science at our partner school in Göttingen, visited Gloucester with the exchange party at Whitsun 1986. This was his first visit to England, but his connections with “English” culture enable him to look at the English and German education systems from a very interesting perspective.

Mr. D.J. Slinger

My own schooling was done at the Christ Church Boys' High School in Jubbulpore (Central India) from 1945 to 1957. The school was run according to the British System and finished with the Overseas-School Certificate of Cambridge. So when I entered the teaching profession in West Germany in 1974, the school life did have surprises in store for me, similar to those experienced by pupils and English teachers visiting Germany on exchange-programmes.

German friends, who had naturally told me plenty of anecdotes about their school days (before and just after World War II) had painted a picture of German schools in my mind, but somehow my first-hand experience didn't match this. There was a lack of discipline, pupils chatted in class, there were no punishments and the pupils were often impolite to staff.

I couldn't imagine that the pupils themselves had brought about this change. Looking for explanations, I got the impression that most of the teachers found this situation to be perfectly all right. So obviously it was I who had the “wrong” notions about discipline and politeness. Having faith in my own judgement, however, I looked for further causes and it occurred to me that Germans had been shocked by the Nazi period. Their high ideals of orderliness and discipline had been misused by people with corrupt morals and racist ideologies. So a natural distrust of uniformity and a suspicion of discipline and readiness to obey, characterised their approach. The underlying intention of the teachers, it seemed, was to bring up children who would not be misled by demagogues and intimidated by suppressive leaders. They would “reason why” and no more “do or die”.

Naturally, that makes life difficult for many German teachers and feel that the new generation of teachers may be running the risk of throwing out the baby with the bath water. I think that more discipline would spare teachers much stress and release energies which could be more fruitfully employed.

A German teacher studies for five years for a first degree. He is then eligible to teach two subjects. Thereafter comes a period of one and a half years of teachers' training. He has to hold classes and is constantly assessed and expected to acquire a knowledge of the most recent educational theory and research. The system encourages a readiness to accept new views and a boldness to experiment and a rejection of blind discipline and obedience.

In the foreign languages pupils are encouraged to speak out and build their own complete sentences at an early age. In Sciences too, teaching is not just a one-way traffic, with the teacher giving information and the pupil passively receiving. In German schools the approach is to put forward a hypothesis and to encourage pupils to suggest experiments which are carried out and tested. In this way German pupils are taught to think for themselves and to develop new concepts. The one-way traffic system, as I call it, was the main method at my school in India and I guess it continues in a modified way in Britain.

Admittedly, the German teaching method certainly slows down progress in a class, but a result derived rather than learnt by heart must leave a more lasting impression. This, however, brings difficulties in covering the syllabus. It would be quite an indictment for a teacher in England to send his CSE or O-Level pupils into the examination without covering the syllabus. But here again the Germans are not timid. They have a great deal of trust in the teachers they have trained so thoroughly.

There are no public examinations at grammar schools at the end of class 10 (fifth form). Pupils leaving at this age would simply receive an end of school class report, indicating their general level of attainment. All grades are awarded by the teachers. Great importance is attached to oral participation. It could constitute up to 50% of their final marks. The pupils, therefore, have the incentive to show active participation, encouraging discussion and debate. But the adverse effects must be mentioned; the quieter student cannot take advantage of this open way of showing their skills and may receive low marks. In England, it is the students' skill with the written word which is emphasised and forms the main mode of assessment. Furthermore, covering the syllabus for a board examination restricts a teacher's time to deal with questions. Whereas, the freedom given to a teacher in Germany allows him to teach certain areas in more detail.

A drawback to the German system would be that the grade given to a pupil by a class teacher would not be objectively comparable to the grades of fellow pupils by other teachers in the same (let alone another) school. For example, in a mediocre class a pupil could be considered to be ‘very good’, but in a class with brighter pupils he would just get a ‘credit’. Or if, the class was generally of poor ability, the best in the group would still get a ‘very good’.

Summing up, I should like to see the Germans introduce a board examination, although, this would incur the wrath of the majority of teachers; and having left the shores of England by the time this article appears, that the promoting of oral participation would be beneficial for the learning process of English pupils.

Dr. J. Albert

THE LIBRARY

This past year has seen further improvements in the quality of the library's provision for the school community at large. We have spent something like £500 on new books – mostly on modern and attractively presented fiction for the junior and middle forms; the county library stock has been increased to 500 books; and the rate of borrowing, both fiction and non-fiction, has again gone up. We are very grateful to the Parents' Association and to other donors for their generous gifts.

The most significant development from my point of view has been the emergence of a team of six fourth year boys, led by Dale Langford and Robert Sharpe, who have given unstintingly of their time and energy to the constant work of accessioning, repairs and re-organising without which the library could not function. Their excellent example and new ideas – for example, the "recommended" shelf – have aroused interest in younger boys in becoming librarians, and this can only be for the good of both themselves and the school in general.

R.F.M.

COMPUTER DEPARTMENT

The school has taken a major step towards setting up a computer department capable of providing the necessary computer power to satisfy the needs of teaching groups.

Towards the end of September 1985 Christmas arrived early. Twenty-five large boxes were delivered which contained our new computer network: twelve separate computers all connected to a central network server. This allows each station to make use of a pair of disk drives for saving programs and a single printer for producing hard copy.

Initially the network will help us mount examination courses from O Level to A Level. Equally we shall be able to support classroom activities for which the use of a computer is vital or preferable. The present first year boys have already been introduced to Wordstar, a word processing package, in fact many of the contributions in this edition of the Richian were prepared using Wordstar. They are also tackling Logo, a programming language which allows the user to investigate geometry in an exciting manner.

The purchase of the network would not have been possible without the help of the Parents Association. I would like to take this opportunity of thanking them for their support.

R. L. Tucker

PROCESSING PROSE

This year the first formers spent sometime working within the Computer Department as a part of their English Studies.

They learnt the basic computer technique and used a simple program aimed to encourage an awareness of structure and style. At the press of a button they could re-juggle the words, correct spellings, rearrange sentences and paragraphs.

Below are examples of their work.

P. Smith

A GUERNSEY BEACH

The beach lies in a cove, accessible only by going down a steep slope and many steps. There is a large cave at the back, full of pebbles, with a small crack between two cliffs going round to the next cove, which is sandy. When the tide is out you can walk around to the next cove, and back again through the tunnel.

The sea is cold, and there are large waves washing up the shingle. Seaweed floats around in the waves, and small streams wind their way through the sand, down to the sea. They are blocked along the way by dams built by small children. There are many large lumps of rock, and when the tide is in they are like small islands until the water engulfs them, like the sea swallowing up the Titanic.

Up the steps is a bar, a thatched hut with a garden, surrounded by small shrubs, waving in the sea breeze. There is a flight of steps leading down to another garden, with a small log tables in it. A path leads from the bottom of the garden over the wooded coastline, for many miles. The sun shines brightly in the clear sky, and it seems that nothing can go wrong in this small world.

The sky is clear, and the sun shines bright up above. Only a couple of clouds can be seen, and they are small white blobs, outlined against the blue. People lie sprawled out on the sand, enjoying the sun, and the children shovelling sand covered sandwiches into their mouths. Other children play with frisbies across the beach, the frisbies glinting in the sunlight. Still more of them play in the sea, punching beach-balls to one another, or diving into the roaring walls of water, known to most people as waves. An aeroplane soars through the sky, creating a din in the silence.

Now the tide starts to turn, and the waves lap up the beach, creating a weird rattling noise which sounds like a sledge sliding down a snow covered hill. People gradually move back up the beach, and eventually leave, back up the steps and long slope back to their cars, which seem to be in a different world from the quite secluded spot on the beach. Eventually the tide laps up against the cave at the back, and immense waves pound unceasingly against the wall of rock, known to most people as cliffs, in the impending gloom. Soon darkness engulfs the beach, and all that can be heard is the constant roar of the sea, and the cry of the gulls as they settle down for the night.

Phillip Skelton 1R

The Seaside

Small waves lapped up against the sandy shore,
A small shell was washed further up the beach,
Way out over the glass-smooth sea the sun slowly rose.

The sand was gradually covered by its salty opponent,
An early morning ferry could be heard in the distance,
Gulls cried loudly as they glided down from the cliffs.

Some church bells rang in the distance, it was 2 o'clock,
Suddenly a car roared up and screeched to a halt,
A small yacht was unloaded, and sailed away.

The tiny red sail slowly disappeared over the horizon,
Crabs started to scuttle out of their rock pools,
A long worm buried itself in the warm, damp sand.

Evening came and the tide returned to the beach,
An oil drenched bird was washed up to the tide mark,
Coke cans and torn fishing nets littered the beach.
I.R. Roberts 1R

The darkness of the deep

The darkness of the deep
Is everywhere in the sea,
It creeps over ships
And swirls in between seaweed

It makes the waves above churn
And forces fishes back.
It disturbs the old octopuss
In his coral cave.

The waves crash above
Against the giant rocks.
A lifeboat bobs on the waves,
And answers distress calls.

The storm rages on.
The darkness moves on,
Over rocks, and under ships
Its wickedness goes on moving.

Peter Magrath

OUR HOLIDAY

We were on holiday in Scotland for a month. The cottage was right on the edge of the beach, so near to the sea that you could not sleep at night because of the noise of the waves slapping on the shore. The sea went a beautiful deep red in the evening and the islands of the Inner Hebrides were just visible as projections out of the sea, dark lumps as the sun went down behind them. The Black Rocks, as they were known, which had claimed many lives, boomed as huge waves, further down the peninsula, crashed against them.

E. Hitchings 1R

Song of the Goldfish

I am happy here:
In my little globe of awareness,
Suspended by a material
Strangely like that in which I rest,
But of impenetrable solidity.

The floor of my globular house in
inlaid
With a bright mosaic of coloured
stones,
And my ceiling, although often plain,
Is sometimes decorated with brightly
coloured discs
Which are my sustenance.

Above me my slice of sun is
suspended,
The sole light for my little Universe,
And night never falls – except in
the day.

I sometimes wonder about the other
fish
Outside my own globe of water.
Do they all have the delights of
The loud tapping noises,
The big, round, distorted faces,
And the ever-smiling plastic
mermaid?

Have they all got the freedom
Of swimming
Up and down
And round and round
And round and round
And up and down?

Jeremy Hawkesley, 4S

THE WALL

It's no good
My thoughts disable me from climbing
I'd tried all day but a slippery, greasy slope
Is no good if you haven't got ideas
The slope shines in the sunlight
It treacley sides dripping with mental barriers
As the sun fades however the viscosity melts
I retire to bed at the foot of the slope
My eyes are heavy, due to lack of thought
Then the steps form as my eyes close
Their angular presence forms as the ideas roll

The rules of the game are one idea, one step
The steps love the darkness, their material faces smiling
I reach the top, the poem is complete
I have scaled the wall, line by line, step by step.

The alarm goes off, my memory fades
The slide to the bottom, drowning in treacle
It's no good
My thoughts disable me from climbing.

Nigel May L6S

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Ancient leader
Europe's feeder
Prisoners close down jail
Wall Street crashes
Student clashes
Three inch lumps of hail

Chemical plant blast
Bishop on food fast
Gunman goes mad in town
Senator's A.I.D.S.
Bullion raids
Sheriff goes out with clown

Aircraft plunges
Dagger lunges
Actor falls asleep on set
Roof collapses
Reagan lapses
Maine lost to France in a bet

Dale Langford 4S

AN IMPERFECT SHAVER

They found him
In a pool of his own blood
Half-coagulated, like lumpy gravy,
Suicide?
If only they had known how much
He loved life
And cringed at the thought of
Naked steel next to his skin,
Scraping away under his chin,
He hated that, that and the needles
Essential to medicine.
Squeamish, you might say.
Once, when he was younger, there
had been something wrong with
His eyes and they had smeared them
With ointment.
Threatening him, all the time, with
Tales of needles so thin and cruel,
Like medieval poniards,
That would lance his tear ducts.
His eyes were cured
But in vain, for
One lapse in concentration meant the light
Passed from his eyes for ever.

J. Methven L6T

CHURCH

Churches – great monuments to the one God
(Not counting Buddha, Thor and Zeus),
Where people pray –
Guillibly following the preacher's chants,
Where people sing songs of humiliating adoration,
Where people worship God –
The old man sitting on a cloud.
But outside, who believes?
They're all good Christians –
Sometimes.

R. Freckleton, 4S

WINTER

Winter is the worst time,
When everything is dead.
The twigs snap and have no life
And spring is buried in the ground:
Tulips, daffodils, crocuses –
No flowers dare to come out yet
Into the freezing air.
Everyone is cold, wrapped in overcoats;
Noses are red and people pull a face
when the wind blows sharp and raw,
Chilling faces rough and sore.

Punit Bedi, 2R

MATCH THE QUOTES

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of Shoes – and ships – sealing-wax –
Of cabbages – and kings."

$$2 + 2 = 5$$

La betise, c'est mon fort.
(Silliness is my strong point).

I wasn't there.

The quality of mercy is not strained

Into Thy hands O Father I commend my soul.

Do they means us? They surely do!

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And so we come to the end of another busy term . . .

There are lies, damned lies and statistics

Bluebottle (from The Goon Show)

The rest is silence.

You rotten swine, you!

In that knowledge, despair and die.

Disraeli

One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them,
One Ring to bring them all, and in the Darkness bind
them.

Shakespeare (Portia and Hamlet)

Jesus

C.S. Lewis

J.R.R. Tolkein

Lewis Carroll

Coleridge

Pooh Bah (The Mikado)

M. Trincant

Orwell

Derek Jameson

Mr. Heap

THE RICHIAN SHORT STORY COMPETITION

A successful venture this year was the Richian Short Story Competition.

With support from the Parent Teachers Association, we offered two prizes, each a five pound gift token to be awarded to two authors, one from the Upper School and one from the Lower Forms, who submitted the best original short story in their class of entry.

The adjudicators were Mr Heap, Mr Huddleston, our former Head of English, and Mr Burns the School's English adviser. We are very grateful for their thorough search for the two winners; David Beard 4R, for "Telegraph Road" and Justin Carr for "I'm The President". The two very close runners-up were Christopher Swan 5S for "Red Sky At Night Shepherd's Delight"; and Robert Bielby for "Hunted". The competition was so close that we decided to publish all four stories.

Congratulations to our winners and well done all those who entered. Look out for future competitions.

Below is a list of the finalists:

Nigel May, James Methven, Christopher Swan, Jason Mince, Andrew Tidmarsh, Jason Tawn, S. Sandhu, David Beard.

Robert Bielby, Richard Tampan, Neil Gardener, Andrew Prouse, Philip Skelton, Mark Anderson, Jason Carr, Huw Parsons, Richard Page-Jones, Colin Campbell and Mathew Churchill.

TELEGRAPH ROAD

Ray Wilkins is eighteen years old and lives in the North-East of England. He is returning from his school, walking through the damp, squalid streets of his Home Sector. His feet clap on the rough, scrubby path and the sound resonates between the dark, derelict houses lining the street. He kicks a tin can along the road. The street is deserted. There are not many cars in the North-East. The ones that people do own are in as bad a condition as the roads and there is not much call for a car anyway as there is no-where to go, in the North-East.

Ray turns a corner. The light is dull and a thick smog is coming across the streets. A solemn yellow haze stands out farther up the road. That is Ray's destination. The whole area is damp and Ray coughs out onto the road. There is no such thing as a healthy person in the North-East. Ray knows that he will never be healthy. The acid rain falls every day and attacks what it can. It has already destroyed the vegetation. All that Ray can see, when he is at the top of the town hall, is a dull brown, all around for miles. There is no open to be seen, just a dull, deathly brown which appears to be clawing at all who look at it. Even the air is bad. Ray doesn't seem to feel that he lives on this damp, heavy air but that it is, in some way, living on him, draining his lungs of oxygen and leaving a weighty residue. He cannot run or do anything fast. He cannot run or do anything fast. He lives his life with a constant weakness in his body which is affecting him mentally. He has not much will in him to survive but somehow he does.

Many of the people he has grown up with are already dead. His parents and all his relatives are dead and lie somewhere out in the dull clay mass surrounding this derelict city.

Now he is at the haze of light. He walks up a path and into a dark cold house. The conditions are so bad that not even rats plague this squalid, decrepit home.

Despite Ray's mental and physical restrictions he does

well at his school. He is now the age at which he is able to enter the New England State. All he has to do is prove his intelligence and he can leave this graveyard of twentieth century life and enter the modern Capitalist world.

Ray knows that only two people enter the New State, from the North-East every year and that he will have to do well to stand any chance. He wants nothing more than to leave this hopeless hell of a country and start to live on the land rather than feed the land in a digestible box. The thing that the people fear most, even in such a pointless area, is death. Even though the air toils against the people some have the will to fight against it and survive, for they all believe that hidden in the dull clay, is an evil, more evil than the New State Hunters – who enter through the border-shield and hunt the people for pleasure.

Ray realises now, though, that his will cannot last for much longer and he will soon die. He has to leave this country.

Ray reaches over to his record player and turns on his only source of entertainment. He takes out an Alan Price record and places it on the turntable. The sound is too unbearable and he stops the record. Wherever he looks, smells or listens all he is confronted by are memories of the twentieth century. He thinks of the people who lived at that time. They probably were mostly nice people individually, just unconscious of the way that they were uncaringly destroying the future of the country with their everyday habits – lighting their glowing, warm coal fires, switching on their computers, chopping down the trees, burning their newspapers, piling up their rubbish dumps. All the time they were quite innocently digging the graves of the future generations. What selfish people they were. Ray has no pleasures, no means to enjoy himself and no beautiful land to see. One generation survives well to make it harder for the next.

He wakes up as a drop of acid rain falls on his face. Outside it is dark as night but Ray knows instinctively that it is morning. Today he is to prove himself to his country, what there is left of it.

He finds the paper easy and he is pleased with himself when he finishes. He knows he has done well and should easily be a contender for a place in the New State.

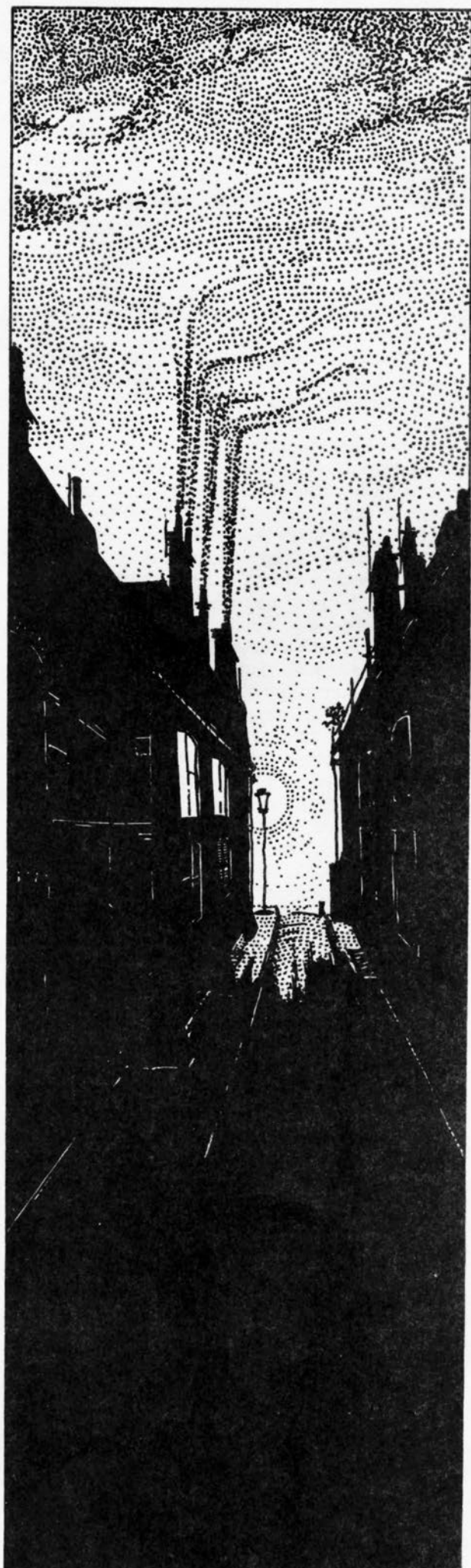
Suddenly he hears trucks approaching. It is the New State Hunters coming to the school. The trucks smash through the gates and rapid tracer fire lapps around the school. Ray suddenly sees his teacher being shot and one of the hunters climbs out of a truck and destroys the exam papers the teacher was holding.

A sudden anger comes on Ray and he feels as he has never felt before. He goes wild and picks up a brick from the crumbling walls around him. He finds himself ranting and raging like a wild beast and starts to beat the hunter around the head until his head lays, torn from his body, on the floor. Ray notices something strange about the man. There is no blood anywhere and his body is pulsating violently, making a strange noise and sending out flashes. Ray dismisses this, however, as he sees his chance and seizes that man's gun.

He now has the power in his hands to escape this degrading area which has clawed and beckoned at him for his life, all his life.

Ray runs through the corridors. He is panting, his heart is pumping, his legs can barely carry him. The corridors twist and turn in this labyrinth. Each dark corner seems to beckon him but he keeps running, he must get to safety and then make his move. Ray suddenly has a feeling of hope a feeling which he has never sensed before.

He is safe. He enters a room and closes the door while outside he hears the trucks driving off. Never has he thought that the Hunters might ever be his saviours.



Two days have passed and Ray is set to make his long journey across the clays to the border. He has some food with him and all his clothing is wrapped around him. He steps out into the deserted street and sets off along his yellow brick road.

As Ray makes his way through the heavily urbanized slums of Tyneside, he thinks of the start of this deprivation. He feels he has a duty to all of his people to leave and find a new and better home for them. Ray begins to draw a parallel between himself and the industrial pioneers who first discovered the North-East. A man similar to himself would have made his way to the North and settled, setting up the first mine. From that moment onwards his country's fate was sealed by progress. When new forms of fuel and materials were found the industries began to die and the slow process of erosion began. Ray knew the progress of fate all too well and he was out to change it all.

Ray is now walking in the large plains of mud which one would have been miles of green grass and lush vegetation. The effects of modern industry have taken their toll and the land is now a large chemical tip on which its hereditary inhabitants are forced to live and scavenge and refused entry into the New State where, Ray has been told, the trees bloom, the air is clean and the people thrive.

Ray's heart freezes as a breeze of pollution blows into his face and he looks up. There, in the distance, is a white haze. He realises that this is his destination.

He has to muster all the will he can to make his final trek through the strong wind of pollution, being excreted from the New State, and the clinging soil around his feet.

As Ray approaches bright lights shine out and everything becomes very clear. Ray can see that there are no guards on this sector of the shield. All he has to do is reach the safety of the shield and he will easily be able to blast through a section of the wall with the Hunter's gun. His legs are hurting from the strain of the mud tugging at his boots. It is becoming harder as he increases his pace and his lungs are crying out as a sweat is beginning to form on his brow. He has to struggle on to relieve himself of the pain and suffering. Ray must leave all the agony behind him and his mind calls out to his body to rid himself of the hardship he has lived with all his life. He can clearly see the shield about fifty yards in front of him and all the muscles in his body reach deep into his, now shallow pool of might and determination and lap up every last drop. Suddenly everything is quiet and the pain is stopping.

Instantaneously, Ray takes one step forward onto a springy green ground. He looks up and his eyes strain in the bright light. Everything is so green and he can hear the birds in the trees. He looks hard but can see no movement, no people. Ray takes a deep breath. His lungs give a sudden surge of pain as if a dagger has been thrust into this chest and he lurches forward, vomiting a thick tarry substance and falls to the ground. Ray crawls up onto his feet and starts to stumble along the bouncy grass, breathing lightly as he goes.

He is now entering what appears to be a town. The buildings appear so flat and unreal. There is no natural life to be seen between the tall, towering buildings. There is no sound of nature (Ray does not know this sound but he is expecting there to be pleasant sound and he hears nothing). Ray listens intently for an inspiring sound but all he is able to hear is an incessant humming. Ray feels weak. There is no help for him. The air is hurting his lungs even more and he stops breathing. He is trying to call and is only able to let out a croak to which there is no reaction, no movement. All is still and lifeless, more frightening than the hell he has left. His vision is beginning to fade and he is choking. The light is disappearing. All is black.

RED SKY AT NIGHT, SHEPHERDS DELIGHT

He had learned to anticipate the ear-splitting howl of his alarm clock. This was made possible by intercepting it just after the penultimate click, and a determined resolve not to be pulled out of the tunnel of sleep only to face a blinding dawn. But this morning was different. There was no gentle sunlight to seep through his curtains and gently warm his eyelids, and no harmonious dawn chorus to awaken to. Instead there was a familiar but muted sound coming from below him, and his sleep clouded mind gradually cleared, he realised his alarm clock was ringing from underneath his bed, its cry gradually subsiding as the spring unwound, reflecting his spirits this morning. Morning?

It was too early. He was still floating on last night's high. Something had gone wrong. Had he finally gone too far last night? Countless people had lectured him, countless "friends" had tried to "help him", countless onlookers had decided "what a corrupt and hopeless case". Somebody had even sent him a "Grange Hill" record. Had he finally cracked, his brain slipping into an eternal hallucinatory world of its own? He dismissed all this as his body began to tremble, the familiar curse of addiction that would soon wrack convulsions through his body.

However, accompanying this nausea were feelings of a different nature. As his brain became clearer and undrugged, so more waves of pain swept along his neurons to fire an intense sensation in his head.

In a pre-emptive effort, he tried to open his eyelids. Acute worry swept away any further ambitions of sleep, as he found it impossible to open his eyelids. This was not only because of a lack of muscular coordination, but a lack of eyelids. A bloodied stump of cartilage was all that remained of his nose, and anything above the sheets had been exposed to intense heat, melting away his cheeks and gums, giving his face an alien rabbit like appearance, with two front teeth barred to the roots.

His blindness prevented him from seeing that two walls of his bedroom had been blown away, a large skylight had appeared in the roof. All that stood was the first floor and the partition walls separating his house from the other two terraced units. He could not smell the burning flesh because he had no olfactory lobes intact. All that had kept him alive had been the freak path of the intense heat blast, and his body's heavily drugged immunity to pain, which was now becoming less and less effective. Of course! He groped into the lining of his mattress on the left side. His emergency supply. A surge of relief cleansed his body as the pain subsided, the barbiturate effect of the drug taking its hold. An earsplitting crack filled his scorched ears, as the floor suddenly subsided, leaving the bed to hurtle down only a short way onto the dining room table. "Not yet", he thought to himself, "I will decide when!" He tried to smile, but having no lips left, he dismissed the gesture.

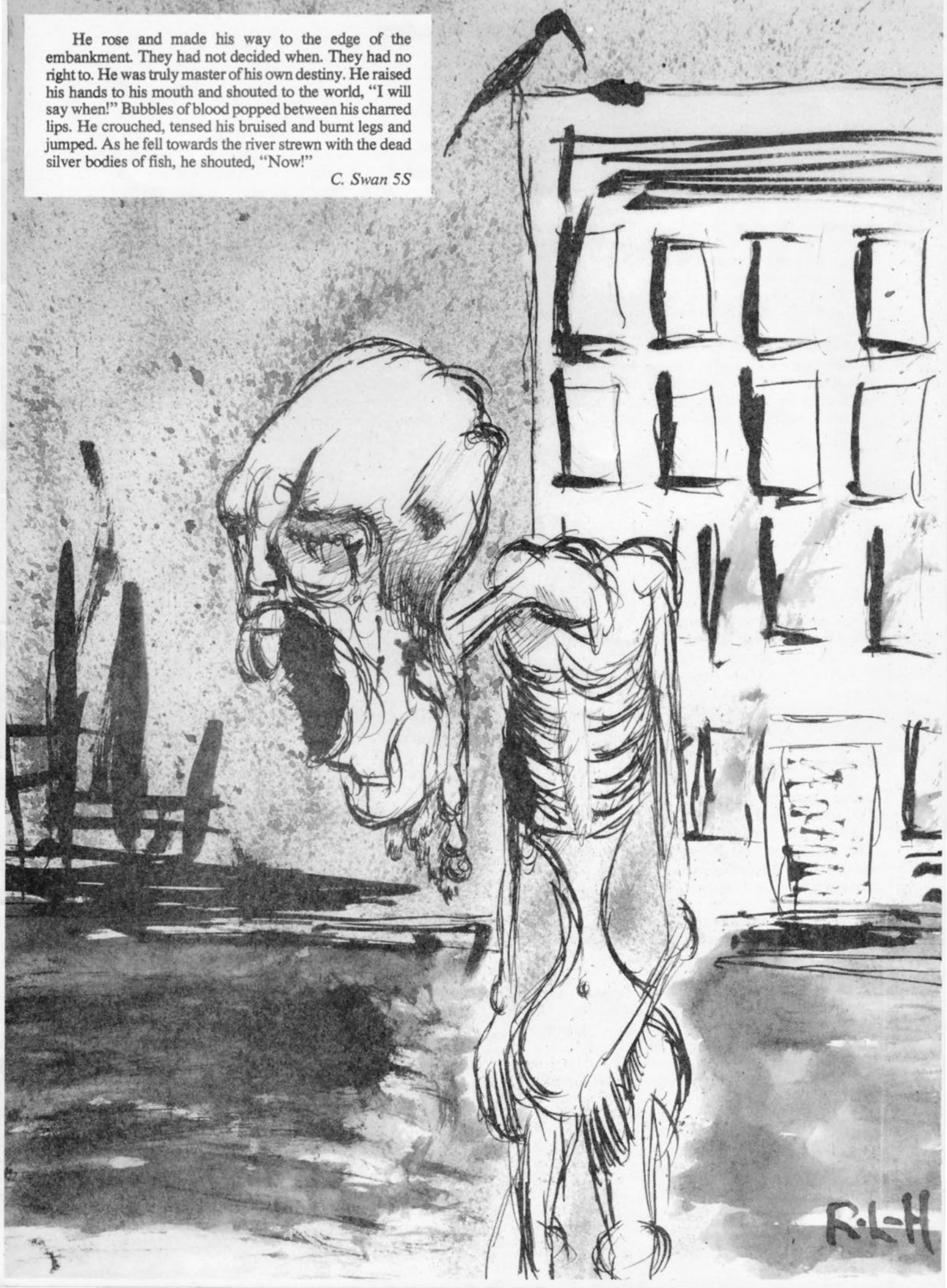
After what seemed an eternity of contemplation, the figure managed to rise, the melted nylon sheet clinging to skin, giving a ghoulish outline. Feelings of despair gave way to blind rage and determination, and somehow the mutant features of the face expressed a resolve, with elements of a dry sardonic leer. The figure stumbled and groped around the devastated room, providing an amusing spectacle to any would-be on-looker. Eventually it found its way out of the door, now only a bare lintel, and across the rubble yard, formerly part of the kitchen. The figure was enacting part of a ritual, that of walking through the small yard to the back fence, and getting through to the alleyway. This time the semi-mummified figure encountered no fence, and began its laboured passage down the alleyway.

His destination was clear, the route was well ingrained in his mind. He stumbled out into a road, tripping on a black charred corpse. A heavy intense rain began, like a storm he had never experienced before. The rivulets that coursed down his back were warm, dissolving the caked blood, and re-opening hardly healed wounds. He knew he had to hurry, as his little remaining strength was rapidly fading. He constantly bumped into cars, but these caused only minor delays. More serious a problem was one of the many fires raging, and in this case an upturned petroleum tanker that had spilt burning fuel all across the road. He attempted to circumnavigate the spill, but the flames greedily engulfed him, licking up his legs, melting the skin as he attempted to run. The acrid smoke filled his lungs and he convulsed furiously on the grass embankment as he recovered his bearings. "Not yet, Not yet!" He stumbled on, a medical impossibility, owing his extended life to his "immoral indulgence". He crossed the High Holborn Road, and stumbled down Chancery Lane. Had he still possessed sight he would have been witness to an ironic situation, with the remains of the Public Records Office smouldering, reduced to rubble, but the Royal Courts of Justice standing proud, almost completely unscathed, a carrion crow perched on the high roof top.

Eventually he arrived at the Victoria Embankment, side stepping an overturned double decker bus. He quickened his stumbling pace as he passed the Victoria Underground Station, his fear heightened by the flapping wings and screeching calls of the scavenging birds finding prey among the weak refugees who had taken shelter there, already accountable to the sickness. "Not yet!". Soon he came to the embankment under Waterloo Bridge, and he crawled down the steep concrete steps under the bridge, until he lay in a familiar spot, one in which he had spent many a night, completely ignorant of the activities of people around him, smashed in his own hallucinatory world. This would be the last time. Had he been able to see up the river, he would have had an unobstructed view of the remains of London Bridge, both Blackfriars and Southwark having disintegrated in to the hungry steaming river. This eerie fog seemed to extend out from the river to shroud the nearly flat skyline, as if covering its nakedness, afraid to show the full damage. The sun hung reluctantly as a dim phosphorescence, and paled into insignificance against the many fires lighting the area artificially, giving the whole city a Hellish appearance.

He rose and made his way to the edge of the embankment. They had not decided when. They had no right to. He was truly master of his own destiny. He raised his hands to his mouth and shouted to the world, "I will say when!" Bubbles of blood popped between his charred lips. He crouched, tensed his bruised and burnt legs and jumped. As he fell towards the river strewn with the dead silver bodies of fish, he shouted, "Now!"

C. Swan 5S



R.L.H

I'm the President

"Wallace, could you pass my keys please?"

"Yes Mr. President."

The President pushed the key into the wall, turned it once and stood back. There was a whine of machinery and the wall was lifted up into the roof, then a small console emerged from the gap in the wall. The President then proceeded to punch a code into the console, turn four keys in their locks and press a red button.

"There it's done Wallace, the missile's are flying."

But sir you still have time to top them, you know you can!"

"No Wallace, our power had to be proved. The Nuclear Arms Race had to be used, we're going to show Russia who had the strongest arms race."

"Excuse me sir, but your helicopter is waiting."

"Shall we go then Wallace, I'm glad you saw it my way."

3 YEARS ON

Three silver clad figures emerged from the large crack at the foot of Mount Rushmore. For 15 minutes they swept the entire area with Geiger counters.

"Look's like the area's safe sir."

"Okay officer. Take your helmet off and tell base that it's safe."

"Commander, Jameson's just called. He says that it's safe outside."

"Mr. President, we were right! The radiation levels are quite harmless, we can go outside."

"At last we're free to go outside, no more underground shelter. Fetch my wife, tell her the good news."

It was mid-afternoon when the President and his wife came out of the bunker. A camp had already been set up. The President and his wife were shown to the communications tent, "According to these readouts the war was stopped before Russia and our own nuclear arsenals could be used up."

"So the earth's not totally devastated?"

"No, and because the war was stopped, there was no nuclear winter."

"What about survivors?"

"Well I'm not too sure about that . . . hang on something's coming through on the printer."

"A scout plane has spotted survivors in Washington. There are survivors, thank the lord!"

That night as the President lay in his bed he remembered what the lieutenant had said, it kept on ringing in his head . . .

"... could be used up . . . could be used up . . ."

"Then there are still missiles left . . ." he whispered to himself, ". . . and we can finally win this war." The President immediately leapt out of his bed. "WALLACE! WALLACE WHERE ARE YOU?"

"Yes sir Mr. President."

"I want you to find out where those unused missiles are, and when you find them, tell me."

"B-But Mr. President . . ."

"No buts Wallace. Hurry up and find those missiles there's a war to be won!"

"General I want you to provide me with armoured transport."

"Why?"

"So I can go to Washington and round up an army."

Wallace spent the next morning gathering info. on where unused weapons might be.

"Mr. President I've found twenty two unused missile silos. They all have six missiles."

"Is there any way of launching them by remote control?"

"Yes the General has a remote control which can be used."

"Get the General, I want to see him."

"But sir, WHAT THE HELL IS THERE LEFT TO BLOW UP! YOU'RE MAD, INSANE YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO LEAD US!"

"Look General, are you going to give me the box?"

"Over my dead body".

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM

"Wallace prepare by transport, and get him out of here."

It was dusk when the truck drove through the ruined streets of Washington. It came to a halt in the grounds of the once proud WHITE HOUSE, but now just a pile of rubble and metal. The loudspeakers were set up and the President began to broadcast his announcement to the city. Slowly, but surely, the survivors gathered round.

". . . and with this box I can finally destroy the Communist threat of invasion. Shall I press the button?"

"NOOO!" a survivor cried. "You betrayed us the first time, we're not going to let you betray us again!"

The President was pulled to the ground.

The soldiers shut out the President's cries for help. They just stood back and let the mob kill him.

When the Presidents' wife heard the news she remembered her husband's last words "They'll listen to me honey. I'm the President!"

Justin Carr

HUNTED

I crashed through the undergrowth knowing that he was behind me. I knew he was there; he'd been hunting me for days. I was always on the move, I had to be or he'd catch me and then I'd die for sure.

It all started days ago when he came back into my life after many long years. I heard him outside my window tapping, calling me to; "vengeance". He wanted to pay me back for deserting him in Burma. We were in the Chindits together and I left him there in the dirt. I left him for dead. I left him for the Japanese.

Now he'd come back and he was toying with me, toying like a cat with a mouse. I could hear him, every time I moved, he moved, when I stopped so did he. I'd been on the move four days now never stopping, never sleeping, only halting momentarily to eat and drink. The only things I could eat were berries and fruit because I didn't have to time get anything else. Occasionally, I thought I could see him. He could have shot me there and then, but no he wouldn't do that, he wanted me to die slowly. A quick death would've been a mercy.

This was the sixth day I'd been running, or was it the seventh? There was no more day or night or time any more. Just running, always running. I'd set traps for him but none of them worked. He knew what I'd do. I tried talking sense to him, my voice was always very quiet, it didn't have to be loud because he could hear me, because he was right behind me. But when I talked my only answer was the screeching of the jungle animals. Everyday I tried to think of a new trap to kill him, none would work but if I didn't keep my mind occupied I would go mad. Finally on the twelfth day I thought of a trap that even he couldn't avoid. I got away from him just long enough to make and set up the trap. Then I heard him coming through the dense jungle foliage. The trap was about to be sprung. As he came into the clearing he saw me lying in the dirt near to death. But all the time I was watching his feet "just a bit closer, only a few more steps . . ." His foot triggered a tripwire and suddenly an enormous ball of dried mud fastened onto a stick of bamboo swung down. The ball of mud hit him square in the back and knocked him towards the cliff at the edge of the clearing. But as he shot by, as if propelled by a rocket, he grabbed me and we fell over the cliff together.

As we plummeted down towards the rapids below the last thing I heard him or anyone say was, "I wonder who's going to feed Peter my pet cat when I'm gone?" And a guy who's worrying about his pet cat when he's about to die can't be all that bad can he? Then we hit the waves and it all went black.

Robert Bielby 1T

AN AUSTRIAN DIARY – by R. Lockey

Saturday – Left Gloucester and a host of concerned parents at eleven o'clock this morning. The early part of our journey was accompanied by a video of "Beverly Hill Cop". I didn't understand the subtle language. The boys obviously did.

Sunday – We arrive in Nedierau after twenty-six hours of continual travelling. I'm not sure which planet I'm on. I am tempted to stick my head in the snow to revive myself, but realise that I'll be doing enough of that in the next few days without starting now.

We unpack and have our first meal. This gives us an introduction to the delights of Austrian cuisine, especially the soup. This one has peas floating in a transparent liquid.

Most people take the opportunity to do some sight-seeing in the evening. I go straight to bed, grateful for a flat, horizontal surface at long last.

Monday – Our first day in real snow. My first attempt to master the conditions ends with a close inspection of a nearby tree. I'm sure no-one noticed. By the end of the morning I have learned to fall over gracefully before reaching the woods.

This evening's soup is a new one on me. I think it contains noodles and tea leaves. After this we discover the lure of apres ski, in the form of a Tyrolian Evening. Suffice it to say that it consists of leather shorts and lots of slapping and shouting. All very butch. Then as I leave an Austrian woman decides to test a metal door against my face. The door wins.

Tuesday – Despite a half-closed left eye I am gradually able to spend more time upright on my skis, even though the style could not be called textbook. At least the instructor is a patient man.

Tonight's liquid has rice lying menacingly at the bottom. The boys are not convinced of it's nutritional value. They prefer to go bowling, but I retire in order to avoid any further contact with doors.

Wednesday – Each day we go higher up the mountains and find new ways of coming down, none of them remotely like Klammer or Stenmark. Up in these rarified heights there is a new danger, low flying French children. None is older than about six, and none travels slower than sixty miles an hour. They warn of their kamikaze missions by screaming incessantly. My only technique for avoiding them consists of closing my eyes and sticking out my elbows. So far it has proved effective.

Hundreds of pieces of soggy bread infest the soup tonight. I am reminded that the pond in my garden needs cleaning out.

Finally, not content with our days exploits, we all set off to Oberau for a session of night skiing. To add to the fun it snows heavily so you don't recognise who you are mowing down. The bottom of the hill looks like the St. Valentine's Day massacre.

Thursday – Things are improving. Really spectacular tumbles are becoming a rarity, almost an endangered species. But then, just as the confidence and posing ability grows, we are taken to a sixty degree slope in which to test our skills. This is not a pretty sight.

The agenda for tonight includes a disco. The thought of all those adolescents in a darkened, noisy room frightens the living daylights out of me. Luckily, it's my wedding anniversary, so I excuse myself and taken my wife out for a quiet meal instead. It's a coward's way out, but I am still haunted by memories of previous discos. Am I getting old?

Friday – Our last full day's skiing. We make the most of it by exploring new territory. Some of the boys take a detour down a slope which turns out to be an advanced black run. Yours truly has to follow them down, taking time off to rest in several feet of soft snow. We finally reach the bottom after two hours of careful side slipping. My nerves have suffered irreparable damage.

I have recovered sufficiently by the evening to enjoy our last taste of soup and then take part in the awards ceremony. The whole thing runs very smoothly, oiled by a crate of German lemonade donated by the boys.

Saturday – We wave goodbye to the slopes today. One last short skiing session before the equipment is taken back and we board the coach for the journey home. It's quite a sad day.

Sunday – The ferry trip has not done much for some of the boys' appetites and some of their facial contortions would do Les Dawson credit.

We reach Gloucester after 9 p.m., bleary eyed and fit to drop. I feel like I need a half term holiday.

SQUASH CLUB

A TEAM: P6 W2 D1 L3
B TEAM: P4 W0 L4

It has been a difficult season for the Squash Club. Due to industrial action, teams which would normally have taken part in the Leagues did not do so. The Leagues this season were thus changed. Wins were gained by the 'A' team against Newent 'A' team, home and away, but the experienced players of Cheltenham College proved too much for the team, with the exception of A. Smith who won all of his matches. However, there was a high level of commitment from those who played this season. The 'B' team was unfortunate this season, in that, because of the different Leagues, the opposition was generally of a much better standard which is reflected in the scores. However, all those who played for the 'B' team during the season will have gained valuable experience which will stand them in good stead for next season.

A Squash tournament was held this year on both Senior and Junior levels. The Senior section was won by A. Smith who beat A. Foad in the final, 3-0. About 12 boys, mainly third and fourth formers, played for the junior trophy which was won by Ross who beat Applegate 3-0 in the final.

For the first time ever, a House Squash competition was staged during the season. Points were awarded on how many actual games were won in the matches, which gave players a chance to play for each game during a match. The Senior Squash competition was won by Eastgate. The Junior Competition was won by Westgate. The winner of the House Shield overall was Eastgate who just pipped Westgate by 1 point!

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Heap for the work he has put into Squash during the year, and for making a difficult season run smoothly.

S. Clutterbuck (Captain)

This was rather a frustrating season in that A & B teams were in the one division and the B team was often heavily outclassed. Teams from Schools which have given more evenly matched games (and perhaps victories) did not play because of industrial action.

A heartening feature of the season was the great interest and commitment shown in the Individual Knockout and House Competitions.

I would like to thank Stephen Clutterbuck (Captain), Nigel Clifton (Secretary) and Jeremy Shackleton (Treasurer), for their efforts over the year.

Alex Smith is to be congratulated on winning the County -16 Championship and for representing the County. He was unbeaten in School matches and we look forward to next season under his captaincy.

H.M. President

RUGBY

The Rugby season was severely disrupted by the school's industrial action. This not only affected the number of fixtures played but, because of the absence of lunch-time and after school training and coaching sessions, the standard of our school XV's.

At senior level we were able to honour all our fixtures but the junior XV's played only a small proportion of their arranged matches. In addition, of the fixtures played, a high proportion were against opposition from the public schools – the stronger fixtures on our list.

Under these circumstances the school XV's achieved satisfactory results. Both the 1st and 2nd XV's had good starts to the season – the 2nd XV won their first five matches – but injuries to key players in both XV's late in the season restricted progress.

Junior results were very creditable considering the strength of opposition and the fact that matches were very much spaced out.

RECORDS

XV	Played	Won	Lost	Points For	Points Against
1st	11	5	6	163	111
2nd	8	5	3	125	70
U15	7	4	3	86	54
U14	6	4	2	76	26

COLOURS

1st XV:– C. Haines, S. Griffin, B. Ravenhill, A. Carlile, J. Fretwell, S. Burrows, S. Anderson.

1st XXX:– D. Hinks, D. Holder, M. Taylor, A. Hunt.
2nd XV:– A. McQuarrie, G. Sherwood, J. James, G. Dalby, N. Page-Jones, L. Davies.

U15 XV:– P. Nash, P. Thomas, J. Jones-Griffiths, S. Jones, S. Wright, J. Lyne, J. Roberts, I. Selwyn-Reeves, G. Mitchell.

U14 XV:– H. Parsons, R. Fortey, G. Henderson.

CAPTAINS:

1st XV:– R. Harris
2nd XV:– A. McQuarrie
U15 XV:– P. Thomas
U14 XV:– H. Parsons

R.N.H.

[illegible]

OLD RICHIANs

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMENTS

In looking back over previous President's reports the constant theme has been a plea for support from the membership. At the time of writing I am a little over six months into my period as Association President and, despite the pleas of my predecessors with the exceptions mentioned below, this support is still very conspicuous by its absence.

The exceptions are the Committee of the Association and, in particular, those who run the Junior Section. Of the latter, I must make special mention of David Hook, whose incredible enthusiasm in cajoling new members and stimulating the Association's activities puts all to shame.

The two aims of the Association are clear-namely to further the interests of the School and to foster comradeship amongst Old Boys. The first requires every single one of us to overcome our innate apathy, and to try to put something back into a school from which we have all taken a considerable amount. This can be done by involving the second limb of the Association's purpose. It never ceases to amaze me how comradeship between Old Boys is so difficult to foster, clearly evidence by the lack of response from all members to the varied activities which the Association endeavours to arrange.

Are we trying to organise the wrong type of event?

Are we going about it the wrong way?

Are members not getting the message?

If you have suggestion, answers, criticism - please
TELL US! GET IN TOUCH!! GET INVOLVED!!!

The positive signs are there - the resurrection of the Old Richians' Cricket Club, the skittles team, the trip to Badminton Horse Trials, the dinners being held, the discos! But please help us to ensure the signs become more than merely that.

Support is needed if the Association is to be of benefit to the School and to Old Boys of the School. I excluded no-one from this challenge - old boys, boys at School, Staff, parents. Give us your practical and critical support.

Andrew Bishop, President

DINNER IN LONDON

As it is now some years since we last held a series of Old Richians' Dinners in London at the Rubens Hotel, we decided to revive these annual gatherings. On the evenings of Saturday, March 1st, the Home Counties exiles were joined by a number of rugby enthusiasts from Gloucester who were visiting Twickenham for the England v Ireland match.

Those of us who found their sea legs first met for a drink on the "Tattershall Castle", a converted cruiser moored on the Thames at Westminster. Later we met up again at the Vitello d'Oro, a restaurant not far from Parliament Square where we sat down for an informal meal.

Present were Norman Hedges (1934 - 39), Stanley Jones (1941 - 48), Andrew Bishop (1965 - 72), John Hook (1963-70), David Hook (1972-80), Chris Davies (1972 - 80), David Bishop (1974 - 81), Avi Chaudhuri (1977 - 84), Duncan Sargent (1977 - 84), R.J. Halford (1977 - 84), Marek Kozlowski (1977 - 84), Richard Gettings (1977 - 84), Nigel Howarth (1977 - 84), Peter Madigan (1977 - 84), Richard Harris (1978 - 85), and one guest - the President's father.

Looking forward, it is hoped to arrange an informal get-together at a Westminster hostelry in early October, and to organise another London dinner next March.

S.J.

THE ELMBRIDGE CLUB

As I write, this sports and social club built by the Rugby Club is just beginning its third year and much has been achieved.

It has a full time steward, John Shelton, and its hard working management committee and entertainments committee ensure that the Club has much to offer. It is open every night and at lunch times on Saturdays and Sundays. The two bars including a kitchen, changing rooms and showers are available not only for use by the rugby and cricket club but we have pool teams and even a ladies netball team representing the club. Entertainments vary - there are discos, live bands, quiz nights, barbecues and Sunday evening bingo sessions throughout the year. There is live jazz on most Sunday lunchtimes and hot food is always available. The club can also be booked for private functions, such as, wedding receptions and birthday parties, etc.

Membership of the club is very reasonably priced at £3 for family membership, £2 for single membership and just £1 for juniors and O.A.P.'s

Like most voluntary and non-profit making organisations the club relies heavily on its members and their support and new members are still needed. For those Richians who have not yet visited the club, particularly those living in Gloucester I would encourage them to do so - they will like what they see.

K D Ray, Chairman

OLD RICHIAN CRICKET CLUB

Season 1984/1985 Results P.18 W.8 L.10

The second season for the recently re-formed cricket club was a creditable one and with club captain, Phil Gabb, looking after matters for another year, 1985/86 looks very promising indeed.

During 84/85 season there were some notable performances despite the wet weather - particularly from Adrian Nash, who scored 42 not out against the Citizen and Martin Burrows who made 43 not out against Spirax Sarco. Adrian Nash was prominent with his bowling recording four wickets for one run against Tuffley and, in the same match, Michael Hoyes took three wickets for five runs. The clubs most convincing victories were against Tuffley, as you would guess, and Nine Elms.

In 1985/86 the club will be playing Saturday cricket in the Cheltenham and Gloucester league and on Wednesdays in the Gloucester mid-week league. Thanks are recorded to Mike Bevan, Rich's sports master whose interest and support is appreciated enabling many school boys to regularly represent the club. The efforts of groundsman, Mr. Homer, are also acknowledged together with the encouragement and co-operation that the club received from Mr. Heap. The club continues to use the excellent facilities at the Elmbridge club and thanks are also necessary to John Shelton, the club steward for his co-operation and assistance.

K D Ray Chairman O.R.C.C.

OLD RICHIAN RFC

David Trenfield became club captain for 1985/86 and after an uncertain start, some good results have been seen. Notable victories included Saintbridge, Tredworth, Stroud Nomads and Wotton Bassett. Through reaching the semi-finals of the North Glos Senior Cup competition during 1985 the 1st XV qualified for the 1986 Flowers County Cup and were at their best when winning exciting matches against Bristol Clubs, Barton Hill O.B. and Bishopston before going out to Avonmouth in the quarter finals.

These successes were very much due to all round team performances although worthy of mention are forwards Clive Bishop, John Mellon, John Fletcher and Rob Gough and, in the three-quarters, Rob Fletcher and Nick Freckleton. Experiencing their first full season in senior rugby, Ian Morris and Geoff Gibbons can be pleased with their contribution.

Players who have progressed through the Junior sides and are now gaining first XV experience with notable success are Sean Chandler and Rob Clancy and it will also not be long before Ian Wilde is seen in a first XV jersey.

The Boxing Day encounter with Old Cryptians was drawn, allowing our arch rivals to retain the Mike Longney Memorial Trophy for another year. Dave received good support from 2nd, 3rd and 4th XV captains, Nigel Card, Mike Jones and Andy Givens and it has been encouraging to see four teams representing the club every week. More support from Rich's schoolboys is needed and we are conscious that Colts rugby must become a feature if we are to survive and progress. We hope that 1986/87 will see Colts Rugby established to complement the mini and junior rugby that is being run by Dave Carter, Colin Wootton and their team of Sunday morning trainers.

Rugby Club Chairman, Gerry Stone, Treasurer Bob Wheeler and Secretary Andy Miles, have been amongst those who have looked after administration. Regrettably the season finished on an unfortunate note in that eight first XV players were involved in a serious car accident on their way back from a match against Malvern. Thankfully no-one lost their life but their absence from the playing field disrupted matters particularly during the Cup Competitions.

The club is grateful for continued support and encouragement from Mr. Heap and for the co-operation and understanding of Mr. Jones, the caretaker, and Mr. Homer, the Groundsman.

K.D. Ray

JUNIOR OLD RICHIAN

This year has once again been very successful for the Junior Section. New members have joined the committee replacing those leaving for University. Fortunately, those who have left both the School and committee have continued to support the association during the college holidays. The section is also fortunate in having a dedicated committee who are prepared to put in the work that is so necessary if the section is to continue growing at its present rate, we are, however, always looking for new members.

During the year it was decided that the sections newsletter 'Newsline' should become the newsletter of the letter of the whole association. 'Newsline' lists the events that take place every month.

A number of junior evening dinners were organised by Richard Harris. The Christmas dinner at the New Inn was by far the most successful and it is hoped that this will become an annual Yuletide event.

In 1985 the section played several disorganised games of skittles. So far – at the same venue – the Kings Head, Norton we have played thirteen matches against various opponents winning all but one. Next year we will be playing more regularly and our team captain, Ian Henderson, would like to hear from anyone either prepared to play for us or to arrange a fixture against us.

Membership has increased and stands at one hundred and thirty; an encouraging sign.

Duncan Sargent, our social secretary, has this year had the assistance of Gary Bircher in organising what are not only social occasions but are also our main fund raising events. Our discos have been well attended and have become slightly more profitable.

A new venture has been the appointment of John Chitty as social secretary responsible for snooker. Hopefully this will be expanded next year since, although it was once said that ability at snooker was a sign of a misspent youth, I for one would not object to the association discovering a new Steve Davis.

The future of the School is still uncertain as it has been for the last decade. As a section we will continue on the course set at our reformation in 1980, namely to strengthen the association by organising events especially for recent leavers. We are pledged to support and defend the School and this we will continue to do keeping faith with the past, the present and the future with Sir Thomas Rich's and all that it implies.

D.Q. Hook (Chairman)

RESULTS 1984/85

1st XV	P.33	W.18	L.13	D.2
2nd XV	P.32	W.22	L. 9	D.1
3rd XV	P.28	W.16	L.12	

IS THIS A RECORD?

As a result of the arrangements for the 21st Anniversary of the move to Oakleaze, a most challenging letter was received from Loughborough, written to John Winstanley by Peter Sergeant.

The letter is published in its entirety (almost). It could cause quite a number of counter-claims – which should prove interesting! Here goes –

“Having just read David Billingham’s letter to Richians concerning the 21st Anniversary Celebrations of the move from Barton Street to Elmbridge, it has occurred to me that in the Sergeant family you have a unique ‘bridge’ which spans those 21 years.

“There cannot be any other family in Gloucester (or anywhere else for that matter!) who had a boy at Rich’s in 1964 and who has a brother of that boy at Rich’s in 1985, with an almost unbroken string of brothers spanning the years between! I refer of course to the following:–

David John 1963 – 1969 (or thereabouts!)

Peter Stewart 1964 – 1971 (precisely)

Michael William 1968 – 1976 (I think)

Timothy Edward 1972 – 1979

James Andrew 1980 – present day.

“David was, one of the last First Year entry at Barton Street, and I was among the first First Year entry at Elmbridge, and I well remember attending a concert in the old hall at Barton Street during David’s first year. A performance of “Julius Caesar” was partially enacted, with Stephen Butlin as ‘the body’, and I have a vivid recollection of Stephen Aubrey as a member of Michael Rangeley’s newly-formed choir.”

I hope that the “Loughborough branch of clan mark III” arrived fit and well on the date you were anticipating him (or her).

I liked your thought for “Mum and Dad who have been buying Rich’s uniforms for the past 21 years (or more)” – including I am sure the various changes to it over that period!

F.O.W.

CLASS OF 1964

On Tuesday, May 14th, 1985, a dinner was held to commemorate the 21st Anniversary of the move of the School from its previous site in Barton Street to the present premises in Oakleaze.

The Dinner was intended as a Reunion of as many as possible of those who were students at the time, and was a most successful occasion. Bob Nind gave the address.

All were asked to forward information for the magazine and a most interesting selection was obtained, as follows

AUBREY, S.J., is Retail Property Advisor to Shell U.K., Ltd.

BURBRIDGE, Alan, is Manager of the Montpellier Cheltenham Branch of Lloyds Bank Plc.

BUTLER, David, is a Software Specialist at the Ecclesiastical Insurance. He lives in Gloucester.

CONWAY, George, lives in Newport, Gwent, and is a Partner with Resting, Purnell & Moore, Chartered Accountants of Cardiff.

FOWLER, Christopher Harvey, is Principal of the firm of C.H. Fowler, Solicitors.

GARDNER, Brian, is Technical Manager at Racal-Ses Ltd. His home is in Charlton Kings, Cheltenham.

KEELING, Brian, is the proprietor of Connect Systems.

KING, Andrew, is with Naim Contract Fabrics as Marketing/Sales Manager. He lives in Lancaster.

KNIGHT, Des, lives in Cheltenham, and is Principal Accountant with the Borough Council.

LEACH, Alan, (1963 – 1969) lives in Buckingham (phone number 816076) and is Financial Director for Acorn Exal Ltd. of Milton Keynes.

MANDER, B.A.C. (1961 – 1968) teaches Maths in a School in Luton.

MARTIN, Clive, (1964 – 1969) lives in Buckingham and teaches at the Grammar School there. From 1980 to 1983 was Captain of Buckingham R.F.C.

MATTHEWS, Michael, is a Director with Old Market Printers. He lives in Brockworth.

MERRETT, Robert D., is a B.A., M.Sc., M.I.E.H., and is Principal Environmental Health Officer (Research) with Tewkesbury Borough Council. His home is in Longlevens.

MICHAEL, R.J., is Head of Languages at the Royal Grammar School, Worcester.

NIND, Bob, (ex-Staff) is now Registrar of the University of Liverpool.

REYNOLDS, Ken, is Head Teacher of St. James C.E. (A) Primary School, Isle of Grain, Kent and lives in Rochester.

SILLS, C.N., is Managing Director/Building Co-ordinator with Keymen (Building Services) Ltd. He lives in Cheltenham.

Quite a number of the Class of 1964 were unable to be present in School Hall in 1985, but we do have information about the following:–

BRYANTS, Mark, wrote from his home in New South Wales, Australia, apologising for non-attendance. Mark remembered particularly a hut a Barton Street that had been the territory of 1A. He recalled the “tribal rituals” which attended their occupancy of that hut.

HUDSON, David, wrote from Canada where he lives in Quebec. After he left Oxford University he spent just over a year in the Royal Air Force. He then took up Accountancy, spending one year with N.C.R. in Dundee then joined the Michelin Tyre Company in Stoke-on-Trent. Eighteen months later he was transferred to the Michelin commercial organisation in Lagos, Nigeria.

He wrote: “When the Africans had had enough of me, I was moved to Montreal and here I have remained. I still enjoy accounting for the tyre business but I am beginning to get itchy feet.”

SPED, Alan, a master at the time of the removal, wrote from Gateshead where he is Headmaster of Saltwell Senior High School. He spent eight happy years in the School – Alan remembered “our mammoth fete” when he was i/c Decorations, Dustbins and Directions, as understudy to Alan Sinkinson.

OLD RICHIAN NOTES

ANDERSON, Nigel, is a Woodwork Technician at Gloucester Technical College. He is single and a rugby player. He also runs his own Disco Entertainment Service.

BALL, David George, (1944 - 54) lives in Greenwich, Connecticut. When he went to the United States he attended the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago for two years and then entered Yale University, where he majored in political science. After graduation he went to Columbia University in New York to study law. While at Law school he lived at International House. Following graduation from Law School he sat the New York Bar exam and went to work for a large Wall Street firm called White and Case. After five years he left them to become General Counsel of a corporation which was a client of the firm.

David is presently working for an international minerals and energy company called AMAX which has its corporate headquarters in Greenwich, where David now lives.

BELL, John, (1940 - 43), has taken early retirement from his lecturing post at the Gloucester College of Arts and Technology. He is taking up writing, and is kept busy as a local Methodist Preacher and serving as a magistrate sitting on the Gloucester Bench.

BIRCHER, Gary, (1978 - 85), is on the staff of the National Westminster Bank in Cheltenham. As well as being one of the numerous Richian members of Longlevens Venture Scouts and studying for the exams of the Institute of Bankers, Gary was elected onto the Association's Committee and is the Junior Section's Assistant Social Secretary, responsible for discos.

BISHOP, Andrew, (1965 - 72) is the Richians' Association President, lives in Gloucester and is a partner in the Gloucester solicitors' practice of Madge, Lloyd and Gibson. Andrew is Secretary of Down Hatherley Cricket Club and a leader with Longlevens Scout Group, which is almost entirely run by Old Richians.

BISHOP, Clive, a Quantity Surveyor with Messrs Gleeds of Gloucester, is single, a keen rugby player and was Rugby Club captain in 1982/83.

BISHOP, David (1974 - 81) works in one of the Bath branches of the National Westminster Bank. David and his wife, Sue, live in Frome, Somerset. He is a keen Gloucester Rugby Club supporter.

David involves himself in many of the Bank's social activities - mainly, but not exclusively, sporting - and his bank was earlier in the year involved in the trapping and arrest of a gang that had been defrauding banks nationwide.

BRUCE, P.M., was awarded 1st Class Honours and the Batchelor Scholarship for Mathematics at Queen's College, Cambridge.

BURROWS, Martin D., (1980 - 85) joined the Post Office after leaving School and is at present based at Gloucester Central in King's Square. Martin is another stalwart of the Old Richians skittle team.

CARD, Nigel, a Contract Supervisor with Redland Ltd., is still single. He is a keen supporter of the Rugby Club and has served as 2nd XV captain for the past two years.

CARTER, Dave, is Sales Director with F.E. Winnen, Ltd., the Cheltenham based Furnishers. A keen rugby referee, he is also the Fixture Secretary of the Rugby club and is closely involved with the Elmbridge Club.

CHANDLER, Sean, a Service Engineer with Serck-Glocon, recently became engaged. Plays in the Old Richians' 1st XV.

CHAUDHURI, Avi (1977 - 84). After nine months as a Data Provision Clerk at Trident Life in Gloucester, Avi is now a law student at University College, London. When not studying he is an active member in the Dramatic Society.

CHITTY, John, (1978 - 83). After eight months as an apprentice jockey with David Gandolfo in Newbury John returned to Gloucester to become a Clerical Officer in the Land Registry. A member of the Gloucester Civil Service football team, he was last year chosen as one of the C.S. national squad, and is poised to play for their National team this year.

COOK, Dr. John (1951 - 58) is Headmaster of Epsom College, Surrey, and Chairman of the Academic Policy Committee of the Headmasters' Conference.

DAVEY, Thomas, (1975 - 81) is at present studying at the Royal Academy of Music and was recently awarded the Rober Pendall Prize, recognising his ability in playing the Oboe. It was presented to Thomas by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

DAVIES, Gareth J., is serving with the Air Photo Section of the Royal Air Force stationed in Suffolk. He left School in October 1984 and went to work in the Gloucester District Land Registry. After joining the RAF he did his basic training at Swindon and progressed to Cosford for trade training as a photographer. He successfully completed this training in October 1985 and was posted to RAF Honington where he is presently waiting to go on detachment to Canada with an operational squadron.

DEAN, Nigel (1961 - 66) is now in his third year with TVS, the ITV contractor for the South and South East. Based in Southampton, Nigel is an associate producer in the sports department being chiefly responsible for the sports input into the news and current affairs programme "Coast to Coast". Nigel joined television after an earlier career in newspaper and local radio.

DIX, Mark (1970 - 77) recently returned to Gloucester to take up an appointment as Senior Assistant at the office of Stanley Alder & Price, Commercial Property Surveyors and Estate Agents. A keen member of the Gloucester Athletic Club, Mark was employed in private practice in Leamington Spa after obtaining a degree in Urban Land Administration at Portsmouth Polytechnic.

DORE, Robert (1939 - 46) is presently the Incumbent at the Priory, Dunster, Minehead. After serving the Church in Gloucestershire and Herefordshire, he became the Rural Dean of Bridgenorth and then a Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral.

DRINKWATER, Paul, married Jacquie (née Knappe) on 12th April 1986 at Down Hatherley Church. Various Old Richians were present and the Association's President was best man. Both Paul and Jacquie work at the Land Registry.

FLETCHER, Ian, one-time School Captain, is a Charge-Nurse at Gloucester Royal. He is presently working hard to obtain his Higher Nursing Diploma.

FOSTER, Neil, (1977 - 82) is in his final year of a four year apprenticeship with Lister-Petter Ltd in Dursley. On completion of the course he will take up the position of Development Engineer in the firm's Research and Development department. Neil plays skittles for a number of local sides including the Harlequins and the Old Richians.

FRECKLETON, Nick, is with the Land Registry in Gloucester. He is married, with two children. A former captain, Nick has been a stalwart of the Rugby Club for 20 years and still plays in the 1st XV.

FRY, S.B., still receives the "Richian" despite living in South West Africa!

FULLER, H.W., obtained 1st Class Honours in Electrical Engineering at Portsmouth Polytechnic.

GABB, Mike, (1952 - 57) is a Lloyds Bank official, currently at St. George's Square branch, Cheltenham.

GABB, Phil, (1970 - 78) graduated from Nottingham University with degree in Chemical Engineering. Now a Contract Engineer with Simon Solliter Ltd., Gloucester. Phil is still single and a keen sportsman. He is captain of the recently reformed Old Richians Cricket Club.

GEORGE, Dr. Glyn H. (1971 - 77). Since leaving School he has acquired degrees in mathematics (BSc Southampton) and astronomy (PhD Cardiff) and has been employed for more than two years as a lecturer in mathematics at the East Surrey College of Technology in Ewell, near Epsom. However, he has kept strong links with secondary education by serving as a school governor in the London Borough of Sutton instead.

GOODWIN, Damian G., (1980 - 85) works for the Eagle Star Insurance in Cheltenham and is studying for the B.Tec. National Certificate in Business Studies. Damian is a regular member of the Old Richians skittle team.

GREEN, Peter, (1972 - 1979) made the front page headlines of the Citizen last November with "City Hero in Sea Rescue". Peter, Third Officer aboard a 30,000 ton Shell Oil Tanker, dived into the sea to rescue an injured yachtsman who had been swept away in 60 miles per hour winds with 50 feet high waves. The incident happened in the Caribbean as the tanker was making her way from Venezuela to the United States. Hurricane Kate struck, forcing the crew of a small yacht to abandon ship and take to a life raft. Peter managed to keep the man's head above water despite being "battered, bruised and concussed" and thus succeeded in getting him to the safety of the tanker.

GREEN, R.A., (1928 - 32) is 70 years of age and lives in Newton Abbot. He started work in 1932 with L.H. Fearis Ltd., being posted to Exeter in 1936 and promoted Store Manager in 1938. He did war service with the R.A.F. 1940 - 46. On his return he went back to work with G.H. Fearis in Worcester before starting his own business in Exeter. Over the next 22 years he moved around quite a bit. For the last seven years of his working life he joined Tesco as a Provision Manager in Newton Abbot and took job release at 64. Mrs. Green died, after an illness, 2 years ago. We all hold her fondly in our memories.

GREGSON, Peter, is a Driving Instructor with Abacus School of Driving. He is a rugby and pool player, and is due to marry in June 1986.

HARRIS, Terry, (1946 - 52) is a Methodist Minister in the City of Exeter.

HOWKINS, Keith A., (1974 - 82) works for the Eastern Electricity Board in Ipswich as a trainee accountant. As well as studying for his C.I.P.F.A. qualification, Keith is, in his spare time, active in the local Liberal Party and stood as a Liberal/Alliance candidate in the May District Council elections.

HUGHES, Keith, (1972 - 79) has worked hard since leaving school and is nowadays one of the Trustee Savings Bank's most well thought of employees. After spending the last few years of his training at such varied places as Worcester and Chester, he has recently been appointed Assistant Manager at Stratford upon Avon. Good luck in your new job Keith, you thoroughly deserve it.

JODRELL, Dr. Duncan, (1970 - 77) lives in Southampton. In the last two years he has made, as he says, "slight progress up the long ladder that is hospital medicine". He is now a member of the Royal College of Physicians.

Duncan was, at the time of writing, Registrar in General Medicine at St. George's Hospital, Tooting, and until the end of September this year is attached to Frimley Park Hospital in Camberley. In October he will move to the Royal Marsden Hospital, London.

The last time we wrote about Duncan his name appeared quite wrongly as Jordell. We must, on behalf of our printers, apologise for this.

JONES, Mike, (1971 - 76) is an Electronics Engineer with E.B. Merrick Ltd., a Nottingham company, although Mike is based in Gloucester. He is single, very much involved with the Rugby club and is the 3rd XV captain for 1985/86.

JONES, Stanley, (1941 - 48) has retired from the West London Institute of Higher Education where he was Head of the Bachelor of Education Honours Degree Course.

Stanley is also involved in Open University Counselling and expected to resume tutoring last February. He assures us that there is no foundation in the rumour that he was returning to that work because of the popular demand made by the female population of the Institute!

But this is not all! He may also be called upon to visit certain National Trust properties in the South-East and commissioned to design questionnaires and packages of materials for Primary School children.

Stanley is still involved in local church work and in the demands of the Heatherside Community.

KERSWELL, R.R., gained 1st Class Honours in Mathematics from Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

LIBBY, John, (1921 - 29) who lives in Northwood, Middlesex, is still involved in a voluntary capacity with the English Speaking Union.

MELLON, John, has qualified as a Solicitor and is partner with Brand, Mellon & Co., Gloucester. A keen 1st XV player, John is Secretary of the Elmbridge Club.

MILES, Andy, is a Surveyor with Cotswold District Council in Cirencester. A former Rugby Club captain, Andy is current Rugby Club Secretary.

MILLS, David, J., (1952 - 58) is still with Tewkesbury Borough Council and was appointed Senior Land Charges and Registration Officer from March 1986, with responsibility for Local Land Charges Searches, local elections, Parliamentary and E.E.C. elections.

He is also part-time Clerk and Financial officers to the Civil Parish of Brockworth.

MORRIS, Iain, (1972 - 78) is now a Scout leader in the Longlevens Group, joining Andrew Bishop, the Old Richians Association President, and Ken Morris, his father.

Iain was married in September 1984 and lives in Longlevens. He works in the family business as a Sales Representative and is a keen member of the Old Richians Rugby Football Club.

MORRIS, Ken, (1945 - 50) is President of the Gloucester District Scout Association, having joined Longlevens Scouts at 8 years of age. He has been their leader since 1952.

Ken was recently appointed Vice Chairman of the School Governors and also Junior Vice President of the Gloucester North Rotary Club. These appointments he adds to his previous one of Justice of the Peace.

O'LEARY, Jonathon F., (1978 - 85) has passed out from the Britannia Royal Naval College as a Midshipman and, at the time we heard, had been appointed to the patrol vessel H.M.S. Jersey for six months general training before starting a three year degree course at the Royal Naval

Engineering College in Plymouth. As part of his training Jonathon has already been to sea, serving aboard the aircraft carrier H.M.S. Invincible and the frigate H.M.S. Minerva.

O'MAHONY, S.G., gained 1st Class Honours and the Top Student Prize for Mechanical Engineering, Bath University.

ORGAN, Cliff, our correspondent in Ngaruawahia in New Zealand, is very busy, and very fit physically.

By the way, Cliff was 86 years of age this year.

PRYSTAJECKYJ, Demitrio, (Demi) is an Inspector with Dowty Fuel Systems Ltd. Plays rugby for Old Richians and recently married.

RAMSTEDT, Chris, is a qualified Accountant and currently Manager of the Cheltenham branch of Deloitte, Haskins & Sells. A rugby player and Treasurer of the Elmbridge Club. Married, lives in Cheltenham, one son.

REED, Julian, (1980 - 85) is yet another Old Richian Civil Servant working at a certain branch of the Foreign Office in Cheltenham. Enough said!!

RILEY, Tim, (1975 - 80) joined Linotype-Paul on leaving Rich's as an apprentice electronic engineer. Due to closing of their Cheltenham production plant however, he was obliged to move to a well-known communication establishment in Cheltenham. We are not allowed to publish a job description in the interests of National Security!

SELWOOD, Ian, (1977 - 84) joined the Stroud Accountants, Messrs Randall and Payne, and was recently successful in passing the Level II examination of the Association of Accounting Technicians.

SMITH, Jack, is Sub-Manager with Eastville Branch of Lloyds Bank in Bristol. Married and still playing rugby.

STONE, Michael, (1941 - 48), is an executive with the Ball Clay Industry in Newton Abbott.

THOMAS, R., who is Chief Constable of Dyffed-Powys, has been awarded the C.B.E.

TOLEMAN, Paul, a Sales Executive with John Carr (Gloucester) Ltd., has been associated with the Rugby Club for over 15 years. He is married, two children.

TOWKAN, M.F., gained 1st Class Honours in Mechanical Engineering at Bath University, and was awarded the Top Project Prize.

TRENFIELD, David, is an Inspector with Dowty Hydraulics Ltd. He is the Rugby Club captain for 1985/86, married with two children.

TYLER, Alan, (1948 - 54) has, since August 1984, been working for the Greater Manchester Archaeological Unit as Manager of the Castleford Urban Heritage Park Project.

Alan went to University College, Cardiff, in 1971 to read archaeology, graduated in 1974 and stayed on for a further three years to do research. In 1977 he moved to Shropshire as an Archaeological Field Officer with the County Council, leaving in 1982 to finish writing up his PhD. Voluntary work at Rowleys House Museum, Shrewsbury, followed, and then he went to the Ironbridge Gorge Museum as a Conservation Supervisor.

WALFORD, Clive, is Manager of Stroud Building Society in Gloucester. He has been associated with the Rugby Club for over 15 years and is now a referee with the North Glos. Referee Society. Married, with one son.

WATKINS, Malcolm J. is Gloucester's Director of Archaeology and has been appointed a Member of the Institute of Field Archaeology. He went to Cardiff to read Archaeology for his B.A. with the University of Wales. Twelve months after qualifying he went to Leicester University where he obtained the Diploma of the Museum Associations.

He first appointment was at Gloucester City Museum as Archaeology Assistant and was responsible for setting up and organising the section devoted to the Roman occupation.

Gloucester was the City in Norman times where William I gave instructions for the gathering of information throughout England to produce the Domesday Book. It was therefore natural that Gloucester's celebration of the Domesday Book should be earlier than anywhere else. Mr. Watkins spent time researching and gathering together the many artifacts that were on display in Gloucester Museum's special exhibition which was held during the of 1984/85.

An innovation he suggested and set up within the Museum premises was a "touch" table. The idea originally was that blind people could find interest in any museum if objects were made available for handling, accompanied by an explanation in Braille. Malcolm has talked throughout the country about the success locally of the idea and, no doubt, there are a number of such facilities now available in other places.

For three years Malcolm was a member of the National Committee of the Museums Association, and is now an Examiner of applicants for the Museums Association Diploma.

WATTS, Michael, (1943 - 50) is the Rector of Upton Nervet near Reading. He was formerly Chaplain of both New College and Christ Church, Oxford.

WESTON, Paul, (1981 - 84) works for Mercantile and General Re-Insurance Co. Ltd. in Cheltenham, dealing with life business in the Far East (predominantly Malaysia and Singapore). A Queen's Scout, Paul is an Assistant Leader of the 38th Gloucester (Longlevens) Scouts and plays rugby for the Old Richians.

WEDDINGS

Our best wishes to the happy couples.

BISHOP, David C. (1974 - 81) to Miss Susan Morris at St. Philip and St. James Church, Hucclecote, Gloucester, 15th September 1984.

DAY, Robert E. (1968 - 77) to Miss Julie Cooper at St. Aidan's Church, Billingham, Cleveland, 4th August 1984.

OBITUARY

We regret to have to record the following Death of an Old Richian that has come to our notice.

BUTTERWORTH, Gordon (1916 - 20) died 12th November 1985, aged 81. He worked for the Bank of British West Africa in the Gold Coast and Nigeria. When the Gold Coast became independent Ghana, he was appointed Trade Commissioner and took part in trade talks in Geneva. For two years before retiring, he was Industrial Liaison Officer for Eastern Nigeria. Gordon was awarded the M.B.E. for his services in West Africa.

Retiring to Highcliffe in 1962, he continued to work part-time and played golf regularly until a few weeks before his death.

Gordon leaves a wife, a son, daughter and six grandchildren. He was the last of three brothers who all gained scholarships to S.T.R.S.

SIR THOMAS RICH'S SCHOOL WORD SEARCH

N A V E B N T C B V E N T U R E S C O U T S S H P
 A S N K A R T O L V O L L E Y B A L L Y K O I U R
 R L Y M D F O O U R D A U Q N T S A H C N E R F E
 E L R K M I N P E A R C E G T N K T A R Y M T N F
 H E A P I H D E C A E M A E B L I P H I B C H O E
 G W T S N A G R O M S T H R H M T S A C G B O I C
 A W E Q T S O J A C U T M O S S R B L K U U M N T
 L E R U O L E O T M A E G M L T I O E E R R A U S
 L S C A N S C N B S A R Y A R D P L A T I N S N N
 A T E S O L M E O P W T E E T O A L G C E I R A I
 G G S H T I M S Y J T E H E N E F W H N E E I I K
 B A R R I N G T O N T S H S R N Y I A H E S C T T
 R T I S W G Y S O C E R P T G S A E N Y D L H S A
 M E H S E E A A E O I I R M T N O H L U C W O I W
 O I Z E H R D W N I R E O E U A I F O E H O I R F
 B N K A N O H A Y I V R T B L S M T F U G B R H O
 S O P A L D C S T H R A P I T O I U T I S N E C U
 E T H Y D B E L O I P O D O E U C C S U C E A E N
 R E Y N J O E R S U O A R L E S F K G L C E S R D
 V L S Y E V P D S I T Y R O I T F S E E E K F R E
 A D I O E M S A L O L H O G W N A H T Y O V E H R
 T D C L S S V H C E N R G Y O I T O C H I L E R S
 O I S T E E R T S N O T R A B E S P O R T S O L D
 R M O O R R E T U P M O C E T A G H T R O N A G A
 S C H O O L C A P T A I N N Y E L N A T S N I W Y

Nigel May L6S

The following words are all associated with the school of Sir Thomas Rich's, and are hidden above in the grid. Can you find them?

Once you have found them the unused letters will spell out a message of gratitude.

- | | | | |
|-------------------|------------------|--------------|--------------|
| - STAFF | - (Mr) COOPER | - SKI TRIP | - VENTURE |
| - (Mr) HEAP | - (Mr) CUTTING | - HOUSES | SCOUTS |
| - (Mr) WINSTANLEY | - (Mr) DAVIES | - EASTGATE | - CHRISTIAN |
| - (Mr) HOLDAWAY | - (Mr) GALLAGHER | | UNION |
| - (Mr) WATKINS | - (Mr) HALE | | - CHOIR |
| - (Mr) BARRINGTON | - (Mr) HANNEY | - TENNIS | - MATHS |
| - (Mr) BEVAN | - (Mr) HENDERSON | - BOWLS | - ENGLISH |
| - (Mr) BOWIE | - (Mr) JONES | - SQUASH | - FRENCH |
| | - (Mr) PACK | - BADMINTON | - GERMAN |
| - (Mrs) JONES | - (Mr) PEARCE | - VOLLEYBALL | - ART |
| - (Mr) LOCKEY | - (Mr) PILBEAM | - CANOES | - GEOGRAPHY |
| - (Mr) MATTHEWS | - (Mr) RANGELEY | - CHESS | - PHYSICS |
| - (Mr) McBURNIE | - (Mr) SLINGER | | - NORTHGATE |
| - (Mr) MIDDLETON | - (Miss) SMITH | | - SPIRIT |
| - (Mr) MORGAN | - (Mr) SMITH | | LEVEL |
| - (Mrs) MORRIS | - (Mr) TUCKER | | - WESTGATE |
| - (Mr) MOSS | - (Mr) WELLS | | - SOUTHGATE |
| | | | - FOUNDERS |
| - SPORTS | - LATIN | | - RICHIAN |
| - CRICKET | - HISTORY | | - MIKADO |
| - RUGBY | - GEOLOGY | | - UNIFORM |
| | - BIOLOGY | | - BLAZER |
| | - MUSIC | | - CAREERS |
| | - DRAMA | | OFFICE |
| | | | - SCHOOL |
| | | | CAPTAIN |
| | | | - SIR THOMAS |
| | | | RICH |
| | | | - COMPUTER |
| | | | ROOM |

